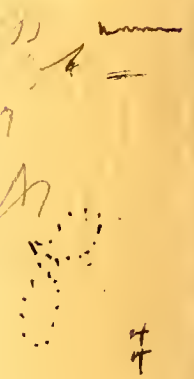


The
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FAVORITE

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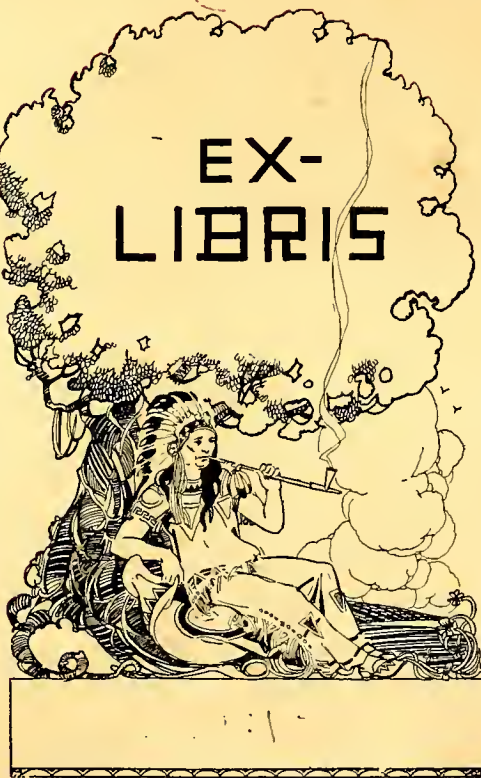
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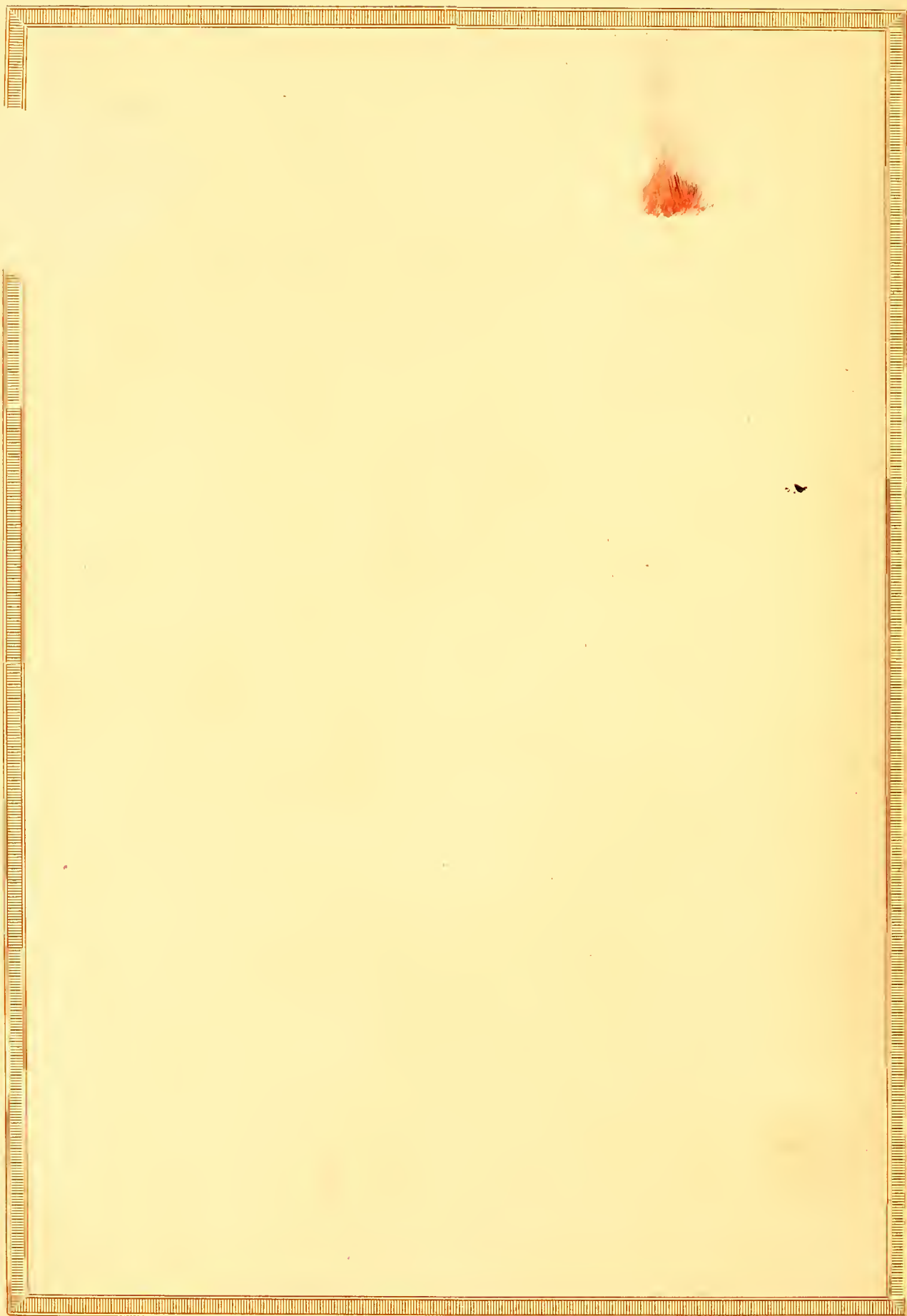
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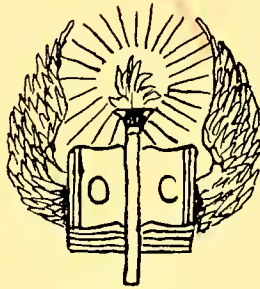
The illustration depicts a Native American man seated on a large, textured rock. He is facing slightly to the right, holding a long flute horizontally across his chest. He wears a tall, ornate feathered headdress and a tunic with fringed sleeves. Below the rock, there is a small rectangular box containing some faint, illegible markings. The background behind the figure consists of stylized, swirling clouds or smoke. The entire composition is framed by a simple black border.

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The Torch



1-9-2-5

PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF
OXFORD COLLEGE
OXFORD, NORTH CAROLINA





FOREWORD

In publishing this little volume, it is our purpose to give true expression to the sentiments voiced by the students in their association with one another. May it justly portray the unbounded love that exists between them, and in after years may they turn the pages and behold again the faces that they have learned to know and love.



DEDICATION

To the memory of him, who loved his neighbors better than himself; who always searched for the purest and best in the lives of others; who had the intellect of a philosopher but the tender and blithesome spirit of a child, we can speak no greater eulogy than that he loved and was loved by all.





DR. F. P. HOBGOOD

ORDER OF BOOKS

Alma Mater

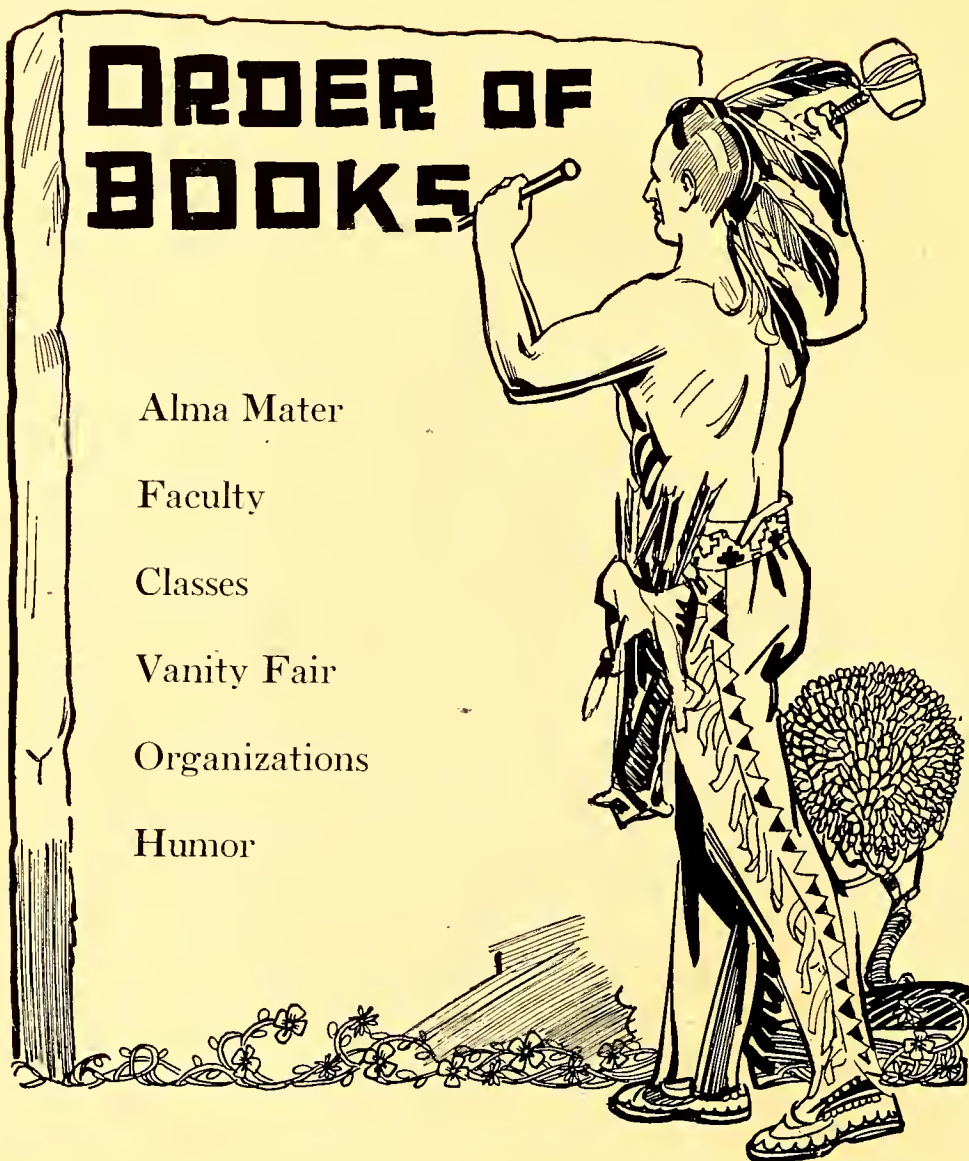
Faculty

Classes

Vanity Fair

Organizations

Humor





A CAMPUS SCENE

The azure skies o'er spreading all
Enhance the heart to praise
And catch men's souls but to enthral
Their thoughts in tangled maze.

—Nick.



The Campus

THE size and beauty of a school campus oft times decides the failure or success of the school.

There is that facility of movement and feeling of freedom that one has when gazing out across a spacious lawn interspersed with tall, stately trees that cast their cool shade in Summer and stand as silent proof of the ravages of Winter.

In the Spring when the buds begin to swell and burst into the light green foliage over all the trees, and the tiny blades of grass shoot upward to form an emerald carpet beneath their spreading boughs, we delight to loiter there, in the warm sunlight to watch the robins running gaily along, pulling earthworms from their hiding places, and occasionally pausing to straighten themselves backward with the dignity and poise of a judge.

On those delightful Spring mornings, when we awake to the jargoning of the many birds and the hum and drone of countless insects, we wonder at the blissful harmony kept up by this vast orchestra of Nature.

There is something within all of us that longs for the freedom and solitude of the great open spaces. A large campus covered with trees, hedges, shrubbery and flowers furnishes the means of partly satisfying this craving of ours.

After a hard day of study within-doors, a walk beneath the great spreading elms is like the transfusion of divine ichor into one's veins.

The campus is a place where we go to relax our bodies, and release our minds from the study of our problems; it is where we seek a pleasant outlet from confinement; it is our temple of the out-of-doors, where we go to commune with Nature.



History Of Oxford

FOR seventy-five years a college for the education of girls has existed in Oxford.

In 1850, the General Assembly of North Carolina granted to a Board of Trustees consisting of two score representative men of the State a charter with ample power for conducting a high grade college for the education of girls. The school received the name of Oxford Female College, which name, omitting female, it still bears.

The trustees were fortunate in securing for the first president and organizer, Rev. Samuel Waite, D.D., who had recently resigned the presidency of Wake Forest College. By his practical experience, natural ability, and enthusiastic devotion he won for the new school the confidence of the public and launched it on its career of usefulness. The passing years have seen it grow in patronage and efficiency. He resigned the presidency in 1857, but his connection as one of its teachers continued.

He was succeeded by Mr. John H. Mills, who had been a professor in the college for several years. The executive ability of this strong man placed the school on a firm basis. His administration continued until 1868, the doors remaining open for the reception of students throughout the trying days of the Civil War. Resigning this position, he soon addressed himself to organizing the Orphanage work of the State, and thus went on to undying fame.

For some years afterward, the college passed under various managements until 1880, when it came under the control of President Hobgood, who had for ten years been in charge of the Raleigh Female Seminary. From that time till the present, uninterrupted success has crowned the career of the school.

On February 16, 1924, Doctor Hopgood passed from the scene of action, after having spent more than forty years of his long life, as president of Oxford. He was a man, who has left his footprints on the sands of Time, and the imprint of his noble life upon all those who knew him.

After the death of Doctor Hopgood, Prof. R. H. Holliday took the college in charge, and became its president. He has shown himself to be an able executive and a capable instructor. We believe that he is the man for the task that lies ahead, and we are looking forward to a great future for Oxford.



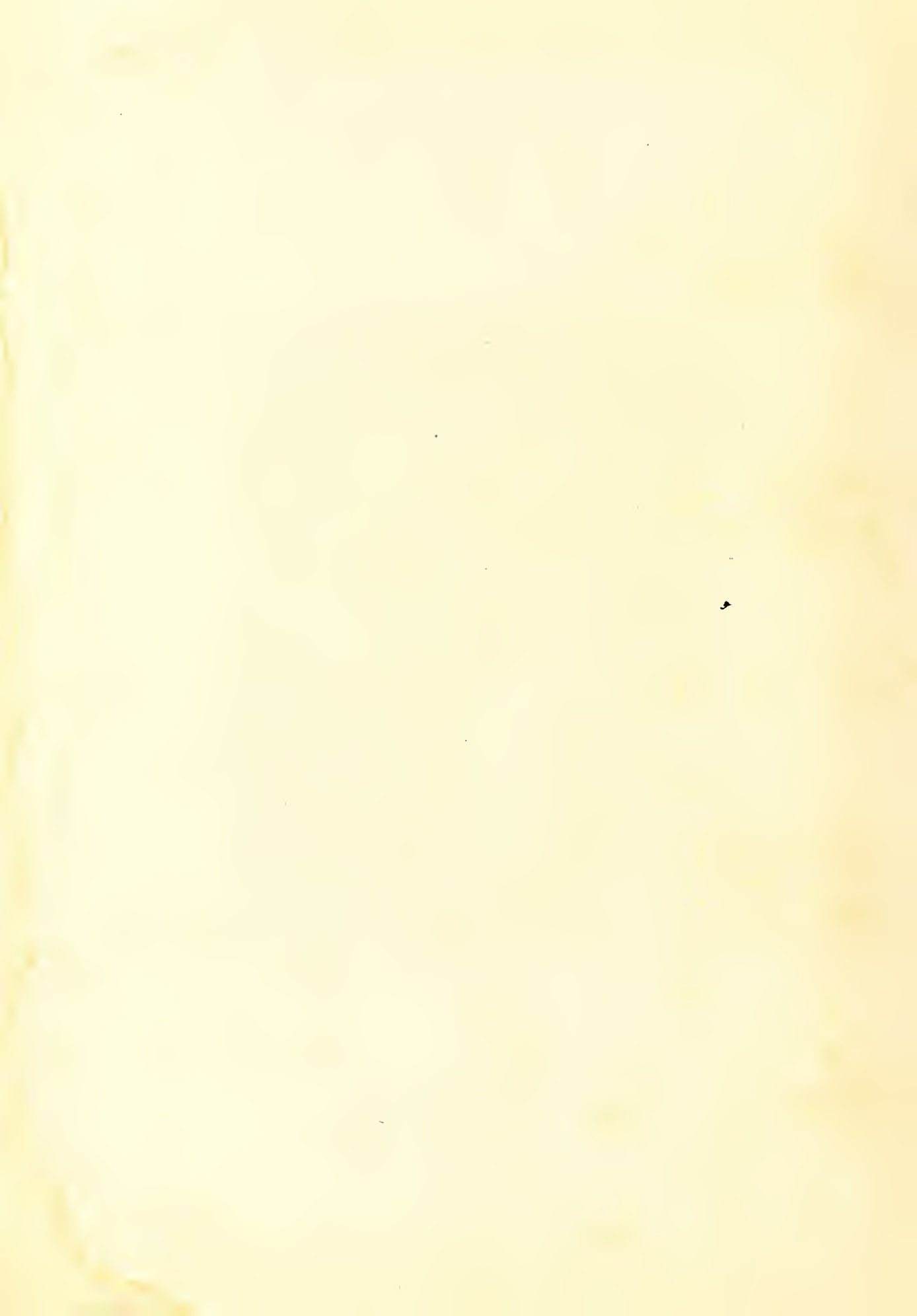
Ode To Oxford

Oh, Shrine of Learning thou
Art dear to daughters of a rare success,
Who loved thee as we love thee now,
Who knew thee but to bless.
Thou sheltered in thy grand, old walls
Fair maids of seasons past,
Whose footsteps rang within thy halls
And through thy doorways pass'd.
Thou Alma Mater wast to those,
Whose deeds are far renown'd,
Who 'mongst the Halls of Learning chose
Thy wondrous glories crown'd.
Thy children scattered o'er the world,
Far from thy hov'ring wing,
Offer homage unto thee,
And praises to thee sing.
Thou shalt be dear to many still,
Who come within thy care,
Thou shalt within their hearts instil
A faith and firmness rare.
Thou hast a charm, one canst but love,
Who dwells beneath thy roof,
Thy radiance beams as from above,
Thy name has no reproof.
The friendship ties to each so dear,
That naught can break in twain,
Thou foster there from year to year
Beneath thy righteous reign.
Thy spirit dwells within the breast
Of daughters every one,
Their love for thee will e'er attest
The rev'rence thou hast won.
In years to come thy place shall be
Upon the highest crest,
Where all the world will come to thee
For all that's great and best.

—W. P. Nickell.



— Faculty —





DR. R. H. HOLLIDAY
PRESIDENT



PROF. A. E. MUILBERGER
HEAD OF THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT



MRS. ELOISE GRAHAM

HEAD OF EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT

Mrs. Graham has successfully staged several popular plays this year, in connection with her work as Instructor in the Art of Expression.

To hear her read or interpret one of the great plays, is to give her an encore.

Her versatility, coupled with the freshness of her originality will make success a reality.

MISS JANICE CASE

PIANO

When she plays, the Muses seem to hover near to grasp your heart-strings, and transport you into an ecstatic trance. Notes of such tender sweetness that they might be drawn from an angel lute, float out on the breezes from beneath her fingers like troops of gauze-winged butterflies.

A noble ambition is that, that through the medium of music turns the souls of men from the cares of Life even for a fleeting instant.





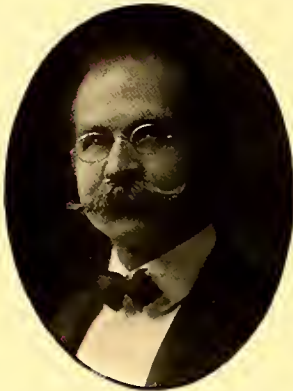
PROFESSOR MULBERGER

VOICE

You can hear his piano late at night, when most other people are in bed. He is a rare interpreter of the different great masters of musical composition.

The success of three of the church choirs of Oxford, is due, we think, to the guidance of his master hand.

He is a tireless worker; serious in his work, but his knack for fun, and his little bursts of witty originality are some of his greater assets.



PROFESSOR DICKENSON

All the world loves a big, strong man who can do things, as well as it loves a lover. Professor Dickenson is a great believer in will-power as a remedy for lack of ambition and laziness, and he is a living example of that belief. He takes obstacles and makes stepping stones from them, in the climb upward.

He is a graduate of Emory and Henry College, and is widely known as "Big Indian" in the football ranks of that institution. He taught mathematics and science at Morton-Elloitt College last year.

Persistence and determination like his, we feel sure cannot stop far short of success.





The Faculty

MISS HELEN SALLS

B.A. Randolph-Macon College, Va., 1911-1913; Graduate work at University of Va.; Instructor in Dillon, Rocky Mount, and Oxford High Schools, 1913-1919; Instructor in Appalachian Training School, Summer of 1919; Instructor in Wake Forest Summer School, 1921; Oxford College, N. C., 1919-1925; Received M.A. Degree from University of Va., May 1925.

Miss Sall's good influence is felt, not only by those whom she teaches, but by all who know her. Her own life is a glowing example of the high ideals that she holds and teaches.

MISS MARY McMICKING

Graduate of Hollins College; Eight years associate principal in Welsh Neck High School—later in Coker College, Hartsville, S. C.; Thirteen years teacher in Oxford College; Dean eleven years.

She leads us through the mazes and bypaths of French and Latin. She is noted for her remarkable memory, of which we see daily illustrations. If a book is missing from its place in the library, she detects it immediately, and if any student desires to cut a class, she must stay out of Miss McMicking's sight, for she knows instantly whether or not you should be in a class. She is the very acme of efficiency.

MRS. C. G. JONES

Graduate of Oxford College; Seven years Lady Principal and teacher in Roanoke Female College, Danville, Va.; Teacher fourteen years in Oxford College; Associate Principal nine years.

Mrs. Jones understands the desires and needs; the whims, moods, peculiarities; the good and bad in each girl, probably better than any other teacher in the College. It is to her that the students come when they are in trouble, and their words always fall on listening ears. She is ever ready to offer wholesome advice and help. We believe she does her duty as she sees it.

MISS MARY ALICE RAMSEY

From the President's own lips, we have the statement, "She is my right arm when my left is in a sling." We have never seen one, who can turn out as much work in as short time as she. She does all the secretarial work for the College; teaches several classes per day, and teaches a boy's commercial class from seven 'till ten at night. We challenge the world to show us a harder worker. Though she has the bearing that an older person might envy, she is only twenty-one, and can frolic and have fun with all the girls. She has never seemed to care very much for the Mascaulines, but lucky indeed will be the man who chooses her for his drawing card. She deserves the best that the world affords.



The Faculty—*Continued*

MISS MARY HATFIELD

This ravishing brunette from the sunny stretches of Louisiana, can be seen during the day, gliding up and down the porches, with the ease and grace of a butterfly. She reminds one of a butterfly, even, for she can never be seen in one place longer than a moment. She has the nervous and sensitive temperament of a musician and an artist combined, and dearly loves the members of the opposite sex. She teaches Domestic Science, and the aroma from her exercise of the very necessary Art of Cooking floats out of the Domestic Science kitchen to tickle our sensitive palates. She also guides the unskilled feet of the students along the corridors of Drawing and Painting.

MRS. DICKENSON

When this quiet, little lady, so sweet-faced and lovable passes down the porch, all eyes are turned upon her in admiration. The consensus of opinion of the College can be voiced in the one expression, that has been heard several times this year, "I think she is just too sweet for words." She is an excellent instructor in English; and History, and is loved by all her pupils. She is a graduate of Martha Washington, and has done Summer work at Emory and Henry College, Va., and Peabody Institute at Nashville, Tenn.

MISS ANTONIA APEL

She has studied at the University of Gottingen (Germany); College of Physicians and Surgeons, Los Angeles; University of Texas; University of California; University of Arizona.

We can talk on no subject that is not at her tongue's end. She has traveled widely and studied along many lines. She is a great lover of Nature, and has a great appreciation for music, art, and in fact anything that helps uplift the soul of man to the greater things of life.

MISS MOLLIE HANES

When the girls are beyond the help of any of the other teachers, Miss Hanes comes in for her work. She takes care of those who are sick with as much tenderness as their own mothers would show.

She is not a teacher, but she instructs in the ways of good health, and she gives motherly advice to all. She could be likened to the Good Samaritan of Biblical times, in that, she goes about doing good deeds and helping those who are in need.

She is the essence of tenderness and patience.



— Classes —



SENIORS





Class of 1925

MOTTO: *Nulla Victoria Sine Laboro.*

FLOWER: *Sunset Rose*

COLOR: *Coral and White.*

Pattie Royster	President
Clio Wright	Vice-President
Lula Bostic	Secretary
Lillian Walters	Treasurer



LULA BOSTIC

Kinston, N. C.

"Let us then be what we are, and speak what we think."

Vice-President of Uranian Literary Society, '24; Student Council, '23-'25; Vice-President of Y. W. C. A., '24; Secretary of Senior Class, '24-'25.

Lula talks a great deal, and speaks what she thinks, but we all admire her sincerity. Lula is considered by the Student Body and the Faculty, as being a quiet and conscientious student and by her friends, who know her best, she is quite a talker and to some degree a bluffer. But give Lula credit for having a good mind and the ability to use it, with and without books to go by. She has a sunny disposition, is gentle and unassuming and lives up to the ideals that she believes in. Her worst fault is, that she writes too many letters to the same place.





MABLE MAYNARD STONE

Apex, N. C.

Ever loyal, ever true
To the toil and tasks she has to do.

Member of the Calliopean Literary Society, '23-'25; Vice-President of the Student Council, '23; Chairman of Y. W. C. A. Program Committee, '24-'25; Critic for Calliopean Literary Society, '24; President Student Council, '24; Hall President; Student Council, '24; Vice-President Calliopean Literary Society, '24-'25.

Mabel is the best all-round girl in school, for she is good on the basketball and tennis courts, can make an impressive Y. W. C. A. talk, was a good Student Government President, because the girls dearly love her; and is a conscientious student.

If you need a seamstress, a cook, and a manager combined with intellectual ability, get Mabel, boys. She is just a big-hearted, ambitious, sympathetic pal, who is always overflowing with fun.





ISABEL TADLOCK

Woodard, N. C.

When her heart begins to pine,
"Izzy" pencils "Bob," a line.

Member of the Calliopean Literary Society, '24-'25;
Calliopean Society Representative to the Council, '24-
'25; Chairman of Y. W. C. A. Social Committee, '24-'25;
Delegate to Blue Ridge Conference, '24; Tennis Club,
'24.

"Izzy" intends to go to Duke University next term, and let us tell you, someone will know that they have had some competition when she comes in alongside of them. Her class-mates wish her great success, and we feel sure that we will not be disappointed.

One must know "Izzy" to appreciate her good qualities and virtues. "Izzy" is studious, and if she goes about all life's duties as she has tackled her college work she cannot but succeed.





DAISY ALLENE CHAPPELLE
Clarksville, Va.

Woe be unto thee, for thou art in love!

Member of Calliopean Literary Society, '24-'25; Member of Y. W. C. A., '24-'25; Athletic Association, '24-'25; Choral Club, '25; Chapel Hall President, '25; Representative of the Calliopean Literary Society to Council, '24.

Allene is undoubtedly one of the most prominent members of the Class. We have found that she always does her work well, but after a little consideration, we have reached the conclusion that she is in love, we fear that she is hopelessly so. But love and work go well together, for what can be more inspiring than love? We hardly know what to prophesy for her, but we are sure that she will always do her best in everything. We can't tell where Allene will be next year, she has the best wishes of the entire membership of the Senior Class.





CLIO WRIGHT

Raleigh, N. C.

Full of laughter, full of pep,
Never quits, that's her rep.

Member of Calliopean Literary Society, '22-'25; Member of Y. W. C. A., '22-'25; Representative of Y. W. C. A. in Council, '22; Treasurer of Council, '23-'25; Undergraduate "Y" representative, '24; Basketball Squad, '23; President of Y. W. C. A., Editor-in-Chief of the Torch, Vice-President of the Senior Class, Choral Club, Tennis Club, '24-'25; Delegate to the Blue Ridge Conference, '23; Delta Phi Delta, '25.

Enthusiastic! lively! attractive! always ready to go, that's Clio. Here's our infant prodigy, who has made a most capable Editor-in-Chief of the Torch. For four years Clio has brought fame to her Class by her splendid work and leadership. Her latest crazes are memorizing "Maude Muller" and taking exercise. If she ever gets stuck, leave it to her to bluff her way out. "Here's luck to you, Clio, and may next year bring to Oxford another such song-bird.





ELIZABETH AMELIA CANNADY

Oxford, N. C.

"A thing of beauty, is a joy forever,
Its loveliness increaseth."—Keats.

President of the Merry Makers; Contestant State-wide Dramatic contest; Member Calliopean Society; Class Statistician; Class Poet, '24-'25.

"Beth" is a girl to be admired and loved, much sought by both men and women. Eager and ambitious in her aspirations, she will some day gain place among the stars of our land and perhaps of foreign lands. Her wonderful dramatic ability has already won for her applause and fame in Oxford.

Although "Beth" never regards any rule of punctuality, her originality and ready wit place her at the top in any discussion. In fact it is by these qualities that she has reached this stage of her career. When it comes to the opposite sex she is extremely sentimental, but we hope she will overcome this fault, if it could be called one.





PATTY ROYSTER

Bullock, N. C.

"It's the songs ye sing and the smiles ye wear
That's amakin' sunshine everywhere."

Member Uranian Literary Society; Chairman of Music Committee to Y. W. C. A., '23; Vice-President of Council; President of Uranian Society; Chairman of Music Committee of Y. W. C. A.; Council Representative; Choral Club; Tennis Club; Member of Athletic Council; President of Senior Class, '25.

No wonder Patty was voted the most attractive girl in school. She is witty, amiable, sincere and dependable, and her fun mixes well with her common sense. Patty has made for us a good and faithful Class President. Her sweet voice causes her to be praised wherever she goes. She is always complaining of being too fat, but we think she's just right. We hope that all her many virtues will be rewarded by the kind of future that our Patty justly deserves.





LILLIAN WALTERS

Oxford, N. C.

"O! ever bright and beauteous one,
Bewild'ring and beguiling,
The lute is in thy silvery tones,
The rainbow in thy smiling!"

Patient reader may we present Miss Walters—Lillian is 110 % of allright from top to toe—and especially at the top. When one glances into those smily eyes, the gaze is instantly arrested by the show of brilliance from the depths of their grey-blue softness—for they are soft, soft like the Summer rain. Her charming personality is deliciously spiked here and there with dashes of sweet sarcasm. Besides her personal charm, she possesses a refreshing intelligence, which stimulates here ever-ready, studious nature. We feel sure with a spirit of leadership such as hers she will prove to be the dominant figure in whatever she attempts to do.





IDA GRADY

Asheville, N. C.

"Great thoughts, great feelings, come to her,
Like instincts unaware."

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '22; Hall President, '23; Vice-President of Uranian Society, '23; Y. W. C. A. Secretary and Treasurer, '24; Voted "Most Dignified and Most Intellectual Girl;" Tennis Club; Secretary and Treasurer of "Merry-Makers;" Senior Class Representative to the Council.

Ida is better known to us as the "perfect lady." She justly deserves this title, for she was voted the most dignified girl in school, and although she is not averse to jokes and fun, she was voted the most intellectual. Whenever you want to know anything, whether it be English, Latin, Sewing or Cooking, just ask Ida. Who can make a more inspiring address than Ida? She says she is going to Duke University, and we know that she will meet with success. She has taken part in all college activities, and shall miss her greatly next year. We wish you great success, Ida.





NINA MATTHEWS

Chalyeate, N. C.

She is gentle, she is shy,
But there's mischief in her eye.

Member of Uranian Literary Society; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '24-'25; Student Council, '23-'25; Treasurer of Student Council, '23-'24.

Of the two years that Nina has been with us, she has proven herself a wholesome and true friend to all. She looks never on the opposite side of life. If things seem to be working against her, she rises up with a smile and says, "Well, they could have been worse, so why worry now?" Nina has the mind of a real woman, in that it may be changed at just any moment. She says at times that she is to be sailing the high Sea of Matrimony soon after her school career is finished, but what she is to do, we can't yet tell. We are sure that the worlds holds a great place for her.





Class History

THROUGH our ups and downs of college life since we entered here as "freshies" in '23, it seems that the theory of the survival of the fittest has been proved. Not that we mean to boast, but we are proud to come out safe and sound in body and mind, even though we have been through several severe wrangles in the discussion of "Evolution." Some say that we all came from the same one-celled animal in the collodial ooze and that we are all the descendants of a common ancestor, while others contend that man was placed in the world in his present day form.

Please don't misunderstand us now, because it isn't our purpose to write a theme on this subject, but we think that it will help you to appreciate the fact that, although we have been through the above mentioned, we are here, now at the end of our journey through dear old Oxford College.

Our first big advantage was being able to enter as Juniors in college—you see this could not have happened in many other colleges. Our history must necessarily be brief, for we have only passed over two years of college work. When we first entered here, we numbered nine Juniors. In many respects this was a sad year for us, particularly so, because our noble and beloved president, Dr. F. P. Hobgood, died. On this account we did not feel equal to indulging in public social functions. The only affair of the season was the simple and beautiful banquet that the Juniors gave the Seniors. After this, we looked forward to commencement and vacation. Bright and sunny the days rolled around, and we had the great pleasure of carrying a magnificent daisy chain for our departing Seniors.

Vacation over, we came back to resume our daily routine, but this time, with a more dignified aspect, because we were the Seniors this time. We were fortunate enough in having as our new President, Dr. R. H. Holliday, whom all the girls have learned to love and respect. He has been very dutiful in imparting advice to his departing Seniors.

We have had a few thrilling experiences this year, the most exciting one being the fire on January 15, when the girls thought that they had lost all their clothes and love letters. A mass mass meeting was held the night before the first of April to decide what the program would be for the following day. Mrs. Jones was listening in the adjoining room, but the plans were made in whispers. The teachers were tied in their rooms before breakfast, and they had to call the cooks to release them.

How was the day spent? By going about four miles out of town to a swimming pool and having a general good time, having taken along plenty of good things to eat.

The entire Senior Class feel that their success, if we may call it that, is due to our noble president, Pattie Royster, and our wise advisor, Mrs. Elise Graham.

Although we have had our trials and tribulations, this has been a happy year, and with tearful eyes and aching hearts, we bid adieu to our dear Alma Mater.



Class Prophecy

OXFORD COLLEGE

Oxford, N. C.
May 28, 1945.

Dear Pattie:

How disappointed we all were that you could not be with us last evening, at our class reunion. All the other members of the Class were here.

While we were enjoying a most delightful banquet, we pictured you singing to the vast audience which thronged to the L_____ Theatre to hear you sing. How proud we are of you, and we know that Louis' pride must be unbounded.

The banquet, of course, was planned by our beloved Mable. No wonder such a large per cent of the girls at Brenau College specialize in home-science. I understand that the girls in this department endure anything, their first three years for the privilege of being under Mable their Senior year. I picked up a paper this morning and read an interesting account of her teaching career. It stated that she had done more to advance the cause of practical home-science than any other American woman.

Isabel is teaching also, but along an entirely different line. She is now at the head of the mathematics department of Duke University. I used to think that she would be a scientific investigator, because she was so deeply interested in laboratory work at Oxford, but I find that I was mistaken. Being dissatisfied with all the math books in use, she has written some according to her own tastes. I learned at the banquet that the reason that she broke her engagement with the head of the mathematics department at Carolina was because they disagreed on the solution of a math problem. Doesn't that sound just like her; trying to have her way about everything?

Beth was here, but, of course, she was late. She is living in New York, where she is idolized by the populace on account of her admirable acting. She appeared in Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet last season, and her skillful interpretation of that play won for her international recognition. Her husband often appears with her. She told someone that she was growing tired of public life, and intended to retire to some secluded resort after next season, but it is difficult for me to believe.

Ida was uncertain whether or not she could come, but she managed to arrange her business engagements so she could be here. Besides being known as Chicago's cleverest lawyer, she is recognized as one of America's greatest orators. It is rumored that she will soon rank high in the political world.

Lula made a splendid address before the Literary Society and Floyd preached the Baccalaureate sermon. Lula is the head of the Y. W. C. A. organizations of North Carolina. Lula and her husband live in Greensboro, but they travel all over the state in the performance of their duties.



Class Prophecy—*Continued*

Our wise-looking friend, Nina, came down with them, as she has been visiting them since she came back to America. She made an inspiring talk before the Y. W. C. A., giving a sketch of her life since she has been a missionary. She loves her work, and states that although she loves her friends over here, she could never be satisfied, unless she were teaching her less fortunate friends, across the sea, a broader and fuller life.

Allene and Nick seem happier than ever, and Allene told Doctor Holliday that although she loves her Alma Mater, and enjoys visiting the scenes of her girlhood, she can hardly wait to get back home. I had the pleasure of visiting them in their home in the mountains of Kentucky last Summer. Nick has become quite popular as a Nature poet, which, of course, makes Allene very happy. In fact, I have never seen such a happy couple as they.

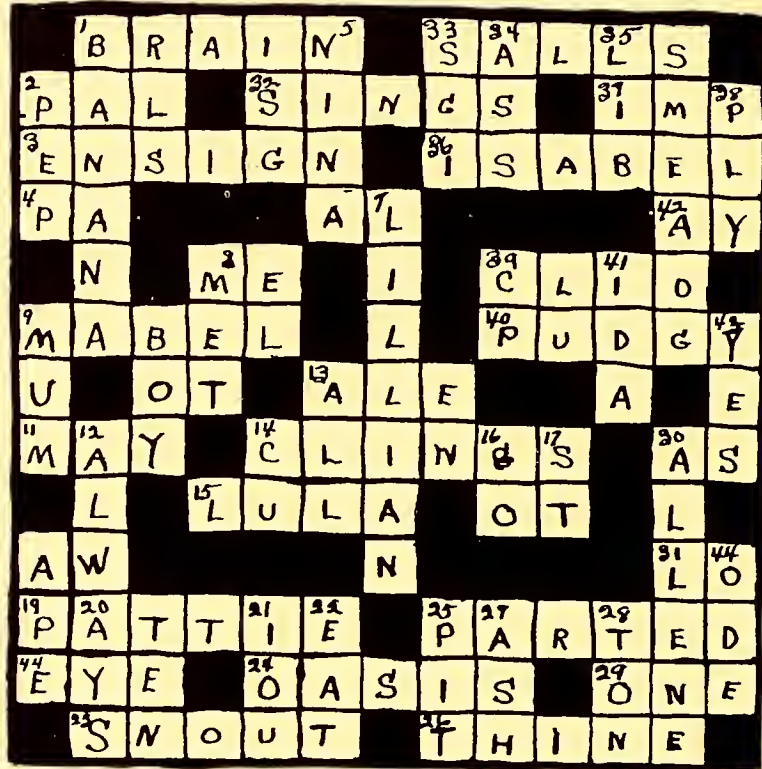
Lillian is the highest paid short story writer in the world, though she does that as a sort of a side line, her novel writing being her main profession. She has already written several famous books. She and Marcus have a veritable palace on the main thoroughfare leading out of the city. You know we all predicted a great future for her.

This morning as I was walking across the campus, a smiling young girl came up and asked me if I did not want to buy a copy of the 1945 edition of the Torch. I bought one, but as I turned through it, I saw no familiar faces within its covers. I shall have to turn through the 1925 issue which I still keep handy. Before I close I cannot help adding that I have never seen the campus so beautiful. The spacious brick buildings seem to fit into the other surroundings like they were made to order. It is remarkable, the school spirit that you find here, and every girl seems to take a special interest in telling everyone of the greatness of their college. A swimming pool has just been finished and a large roof-garden is under way. I am sure you would not recognize the old place.

As for the other things of which I have not told you, I will let you wait and see for yourself. Hoping that you will be back in the United States soon, I am

Your old pal,

CLIO WRIGHT.



1. The seat of Senior sensations.
2. Your long distance conscience.
3. -----ing a check, watch balance.
4. The source of all material things.
5. The Senior puzzle.
9. Humorous extravagance.
11. The month of flowers and graduation.
13. Lillian, the second.
14. What a vine does.
15. A distinguished dependability.
19. The charm of the mystic moonlight.
23. An appendage which Seniors could use in their routine.
24. The true meaning of a diploma.
26. When you fail, whose fault is it?
29. How many minutes it takes to dress for breakfast.
30. The abbreviation of an ambitious Senior.
31. Patty's old musical friend.
32. What Clio does when she's blue.
33. The "Miss" of inspiration.
36. The system of an adding machine.
39. The frolicsomeness of a dancing sun-beam.
40. The one thing Pattie lives to be.
42. How the vote goes for a holiday.
44. A senior spotlight.

- Page Forty*



Class Will

DUE TO the fact that our teachers have been vexed these many months in the utterly vain and hopeless task of trying to project their ideas and ideals into our already crammed craniums, it is decreed that we must at last depart from these loved halls, and enter that mysterious place so often designated as the "World."

Therefore, feeling sure that we can conquer that realm without the aid of some of our present possessions, we, Ida Grady and Clio Wright, the duly appointed testators of that conglomerated mass of concentrated ignorance known as the Class of '25, the wrecks and survivals of many strenuous trials and examinations, being fatigued, both in body and mind and fit subjects for the pathology specialists, do hereby will and bequeath the following portions of our worldly possessions to the victims whose names are set down, whether they wish to accept our generosity or not.

Item One:—To Miss Salls: Our volumes of essays, themes and short stories, to be used as models for future classes.

Item Two:—To Miss Apel: A winter home in Florida, that she may never again suffer from the severity of the winters in the "Old North State."

Item Three:—To Mrs. Jones: All the knickers, tennis raquets and slang words used by the present student body that she may have the pleasure of destroying them.

Item Four:—To Miss McMicking: A lasso to rope in all the girls who try to cut classes.

Item Five:—To Miss Hatfield: An electric car, to get her to classes on time.

Item Six:—To Miss Apel and Mr. Muilberger: Miss Case's victrola to dance by.

Item Seven:—To Miss Case: A studio which is not close enough to be used as part of the Society Hall.

Item Eight:—To Doctor and Mrs. Holliday: A student body which will be present and on time for all meals.

Item Nine:—To Stella Whitaker: A large book in which to record the number of times Ruby Cothran goes to town, and a second one, almost as large, in which to keep a record of Ethel's trips to Raleigh.

Item Ten:—To Annabel Tilley: Dot Smith's ability as a vamp.

Item Eleven:—To Christine Wilson: Fifty pounds of Patty's avoirdupois.

Item Twelve:—To Nick: Another Allene, so that he may not be lonesome next year.

Item Thirteen:—To Alice Cobb: A perfect tea-hound with an extra hot line.

Item Fourteen:—To all failures: Lillian Walter's mental ability.



Class Will—Continued

Item Fifteen:—To Elsie Poole: Mabel Stone's hairpins, as she will need them when she becomes a dignified Senior.

Item Sixteen:—To "Chink" Herndon: Clio Wright's choice assortment of monkey actions, to add to her present supply.

Item Seventeen:—To Elsie Poole, Florence Eckelman and Esperance Holliday: A vocabulary which does not contain slang.

Item Eighteen:—To Doctor Holliday: A student body which will listen attentively to all his political lectures.

Item Nineteen:—To all future Seniors: A copy of "Beth" Cannady's "How to cut half of your classes, and yet graduate."

Item Twenty:—To Inez Ramsey and "Babe" Miller: An endless supply of chewing gum.

Item Twenty-one:—To Mary Sykes: Mabel Stone's patent method of reducing.

Item Twenty-two:—To Ethel Albritton: A daily trip to Durham on the bus.

Item Twenty-three:—To the future students of Oxford: A faculty that will be willing for them to have Spring holidays.

Item Twenty-four:—To Mrs. Jennings: A listener and some expressions to use in the place of "You know," "Isn't that killing," and "That's just too cute."

Item Twenty-five:—To Frank, the hardest worker on the place: An automatic device for collecting paper and chocolate bottles.

Item Twenty-six:—To the Juniors: Our Senior privileges and a high-powered microscope with which to find them.

We, the Class of '25, being of remarkably short memory and otherwise mentally deficient, do declare this to be our last will and testament, and so affix our signatures and seal, this the twenty-third day of May, in the year nineteen-hundred and twenty-five.

Fearing that when we are gone, Miss McMicking may have too much leisure time, we hereby appoint her our sole executor, confident that our wishes will be carried out in every detail.

Signed:

IDA GRADY,
CLIO WRIGHT.

Witnesses:

PAULINE BUNN,
W. P. NICKELL.



Class Poem

Since eighteen-fifty hast thou lived,
Oh, noble institute,
To build within thy daughters' souls
Ideals beyond repute;
Thy flashing torch hast flamed on high
Through ages long gone past,
And scattered sparks of knowledge o'er
The world to burn and last.

We've seen thy starlets leap on high
And glimmer there aloft,
Like swarms of tiny fireflies with
Their glowing beams so soft.
We each lived yearning in desire
To glitter in that throng,
To call thee, Alma Mater, and
To praise thy name in song.

At last, we turn a lingering glance
Upon those last few years;
Amid incessant strife and pain,
Were joys—and yet some tears.
Our purpose strong, our courage high,
We banished grim dismay,
And girt with arms of victory,
We face the world today.

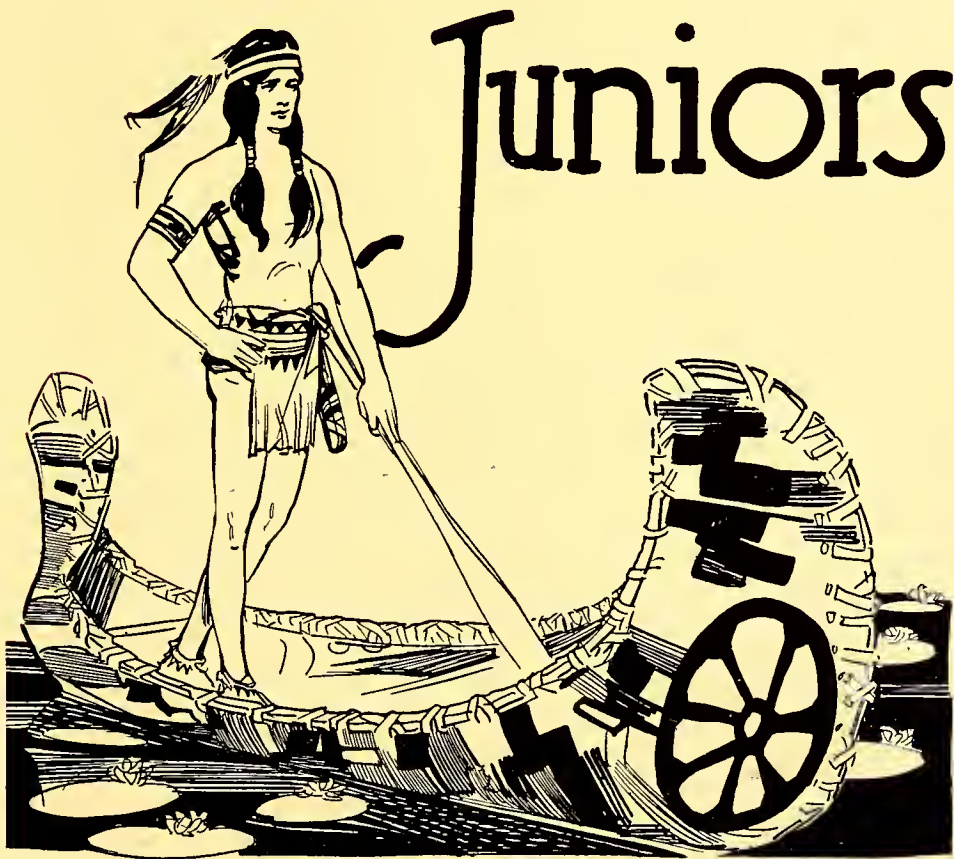
Still standing here with gazing eye,
We wonder even more,
What undiscovered tasks we have
Awaiting at Life's door.
Is it that we in mortal dust
Shall journey off afar?
Or shall we render lofty deeds
To others where we are?

Oh, Oxford College, here's to thee;
A monumental shrine
In which is held the burning torch
Of wisdom, ever thine.
Like all thy daughters of the past,
We'll bear it up so high,
Its light will shine above the stars
And never, never die.

—Beth Cannady.



MARY HELEN CURRIN
Class Mascot





Class of '26

MOTTO: *To The Stars Through Difficulties*

CLASS FLOWER: *The Narcissus.*

CLASS COLORS: *Emerald and Rose.*

Class Officers

Dixie Sizemore	President
Florence Pittman	Vice-President
Estelle Wilkins	Secretary
Stella Whitaker	Treasurer
W. P. Nickell	Poet
Rosa Parham	Politician



Toast to the Seniors

AS THE great pendulum of Time marks the passing of the years, and the sands in the hour-glass of the ages trickle downward grain by grain, the tide of Human Destiny flows ceaselessly onward to its ultimate goal, and the billows of mortal accomplishment sweep over the face of the Universe.

In the span of ephemeral existence, Success is attained by the few who have ears for the great voice of Humanity.

Untried in the treadmill of Experience and unweighed in the balances of Life, the youthful maidens of the Senior Class set sail upon the wind-swept sea of Endeavor.

That they might not drift aimlessly along, they are supplied with the strong oars of Knowledge; and that they might not sink beneath the waves of Obscurity, they are encircled by buoys of pure and spotless character. Thus equipped, they sail forth into the unknown channels of Life's Ambitions, with the determination of a Napoleon and the courage and nobility of purpose of a Joan of Arc.

Members of the Senior Class, from the cask of supreme confidence, we pour the rare wine of Hope into the cup of our expectations. May the Horn of Plenty, Wisdom, Love and Happiness empty their contents into your deserving laps!

Toast to Oxford

THREE-SCORE and ten years ago, there was born into existence a noble institution of learning. Very soon she rose from her cradle to fare forth in search of great and mighty tasks to do. Multitudes have come to sit at her feet and learn the choice words of Wisdom that fell from her lips.

Thought, Purity and Righteousness she took, and with the touch of her immortal wand, she transformed them into the priceless form of Character.

From the land of the rising sun to the depths of the sun-kissed West, her daughters are scattered as glorious examples of her mighty influence.

The torch of spotless and undefiled Womanhood goes forth from her doors as a burning lesson to the people of all the earth. She has established in the hearts of her daughters, monuments that Time itself cannot destroy. The hearts of her many illustrious daughters pulsate together in one great throbbing warmth of love.

Oxford! from the cup of thy immortality we drink the nectar of thy achievements in honor of a future that we hope will eclipse even your glorious past!

—W. P. NICKELL.



Class Poem

TIME AND WORK

As I wandered in the forest
With my thoughts in flight on high
I beheld a giant eagle
Flying 'cross my range of sky.

Like a straw before the tempest
Did he seem, so swift his flight;
As he pass'd across the Heavens
Like a rocket in the night.

How I thought this feathered creature,
That so swiftly flitted by,
Like the time that's lost forever
Does our carelessness descry.

In the struggle of the millions
For a height to be attain'd,
There are few who grasp the meaning
That their time is value gain'd.

In the wailings of the wretched,
One doth hear the mournful tale
Of the one who did not listen,
Or of time himself avail.

In the language of the learned,
There is no such word as "Luck"
But instead is used another
That all thoughtful men call "Pluck."

When a man attains the summit
One doth reach in length of life,
Men doth say that he is lucky,
And his way with riches rife.

If you ask the man so favor'd,
If in Fame doth secrets lurk,
He will say without a falter,
That the secret lies in work.

So ye mortal fortune hunters
Do not in your duty shirk,
For to fame the only pathway,
Is by that of endless work.

And ye men of high ambition
Use the time you're granted here,
For in practice, you may need it,
In a different range or sphere.

—W. P. Nickell.



DIXIE SIZEMORE, (DICKEY)

Virgilina, Va.

So true is Dixie and gentle too,
With an airy laugh that thrills you through.
President of Junior; President of Y. W.
C. A.; Council member; Calliopean Society and
Typical School Girl, '25.

FLORENCE PITTMAN, (PITT)

Fairmont, N. C.

She may not always be in our presence,
But her presence will always be in our hearts.
Vice President of the Student Government;
Vice-President of Junior Class.

ESTELLE WILKINS

Durham, N. C.

A mind that works the hardest math,
She clears for others, the rugged path.
She is a coming feminine Euclid.

STELLA WHITAKER

Ellenboro, N. C.

Her life is as pure as the driven snows
That on the wind of Heaven blows.
President of the Student Government, '25.

WALTER P. NICKELL

Grand Rivers, Ky.

Come, let us show you a valued man,
He never adds the "not" to "can."

ROSA PARHAM

Oxford, N. C.

"Be a good sport, if you only last for a minute."
She literally radiates wholesome fun and wit.



ANNE LOU WILLIAMS, (LU LU)

Oxford, N. C.

Charming and graceful, is Anne Lou,
Her favorite expression is,
"I'm in love, aren't you?"

LOUISE JEFFREYS, (JEFF)

Oxford, N. C.

"She can see through the clouds of misty hue
A bit of sky that's always blue."
A true Calliopean and biggest giggler in
school.

VIRGINIA HART, (ALE)

Oxford, N. C.

A better girl can never be found,
Even though you search the whole world
'round.

ANNABEL TILLEY, (TILLY)

Hillsboro, N. C.

"Never trouble Trouble, 'till Trouble troubles
you."
"Tilly" has been with us only a few months,
but we have made a good Calliopean out of her.

HAZEL TYSINGER, (HAZE)

Denton, N. C.

She keeps her eye on the future far,
With aims as high as a distant star.
Secretary of Uranian Society, '24-'25; Sec-
retary of Council; Cabinet Member, '25; Our
most studious girl.

ROWENA NEWMAN, (RO)

Winston-Salem, N. C.

Here's to Rowena, loving and gay,
She always has something that's funny to say.



SENIORS





Seniors Academy

CLASS FLOWER: *Pansy.*

CLASS CORORS: *Purple and Gold.*

MOTTO: *1 per cent inspiration, 99 per cent perspiration equals Success.*

CLASS OFFICERS

Christine Wilson President

Martha Young Vice-President

Dorothy Smith Secretary-Treasurer

CLASS ROLL

CHRISTINE WILSON

MARTHA YOUNG

DOROTHY SMITH

INEZ RAMSEY

LUCY DEES

ETHEL ALBRITTON

VIRGINIA WHITE

ETHEL ALBRITTON

Calypso, N. C.

She says that she imagines that Rip Van Winkle carried on an ideal existence during his twenty years sleep. Her favorite pastime is sawing logs a la sleep. She is popular with all her associates.





CHRISTINE WILSON, (Chris)

Coleraine, N. C.

Little in body, but great in mind
Diminutive "Chris" you'll ever find.

Member of Calliopean Literary Society; Y.
W. C. A.; President Senior Class Academy,
'25.

She is a strong believer in the theory, that little people should be seen and not heard. As erect and as dignified as a great judge, she speaks very seldom, but when she does speak, we all know that she has said something worth

while. She has the calm and placid countenance that a master sculptor of ancient Greece would have delighted to carve. "Silence is Golden," says she with the philosopher, and "Brevity is the Soul of Wit."

MARTHA YOUNG

Oxford, N. C.

So like an airy moth
That flits across the lawn,
Whene'er the morning sun
Hath chased away the Dawn.

We think of Martha as a tender orchid that must never feel the touch of human hand, lest it surely droop and fade before our vision. She, like all womankind, delights to hear the silvery tones of her own voice ring out on the air. She speaks her convictions and stands like the Rock of Gibraltar on what she believes to be right.





DOROTHY SMITH, (Dot)

Augusta, Ga.

The land of the apple blossom,
The land of the peach-tree bloom
Hath woven within this maiden
The sunbeam, chasers of gloom.

Member of Calliopean Literary Society; Annual Staff; Secretary of Calliopean Society; Basketball; Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Manager Tennis Team; Choral Club; "Y" Cabinet; Tennis Club; Class Secretary; Delta Phi Delta.

In the country where the finest peaches grow, they could never produce a more lovely one than our "Dot."

She surely absorbed a thousand sunbeams before she left the sunny peach orchards of Georgia, for the sunbeams, themselves cannot vie with her bubbling laughter.



INEZ RAMSEY, (Nezzy)

Starksville, Miss

"Nezzy" rode off in a Ford,
But just a little way,
Now, "Nezzy," walks the circle
Just ten times every day.

"Nezzy" is a happy combination of brains and bliss. Her jolly disposition is generously reflected in the perpetual motion of her tongue, the light in her eyes and the pop-u-loudity of her gum. She's kind—the kind that always helps a fellow willingly, and works with the zest of a battering ram.



Class Poem

In the far and distant mountains
Whence the dwindling game has gone,
Where the mountain streams are leaping
Up to meet the coming Dawn,
And the salmon yearly wander
Up the hurtling streams to spawn,
Ne'er to reach again the ocean
From the call of Nature drawn,
There the thoughts are freed of shackles;
Wander on and on and on!

There the sky of azure tinting
Like a dome o'erspreads the earth,
To enwrap in all its glory
High and low of mortal birth,
And the sun doth rise at morning
O'er the waters of the firth.
And the forest softly whispers
Its eternal song of mirth
To remind the carefree wand'rer
Of its everlasting worth!

There the heart forgets its anguish.
Soothed and lulled to joyous sleep
By the rolling of the breakers
In the gorges wide and deep
As they dash against the coastline
With its craggy sides and steep,
Rising high and fast receding
With a short convulsive leap,
Piling mighty mounts of water
For a moment in a heap!

In this solitude eternal
Where no wailings pierce the air,
And no locks adorn the cabins,
Life is freed from every care;
Where no hunters 'rouse the foxes
From the quiet of their lair,
And the people with their neighbors
From the Horn of Plenty share,
All are happy and contented,
All is peace and quiet there.

—W. P. Nickell.



Frances Herndon



Alice Gill



Frances Jackson



Allene Bragg



DELTA CHI OMEGA
PHI CHAPTER



Hazel Tysinger



Elizabeth Bragg



Virginia Hart



Pauline Bunn



FRESHMEN





THE UNDERCLASSMEN



Underclassmen Write Up

AS THE lower stratas of society are looked down upon by the Elite, so are the Undergraduates ordinarily looked down upon by the somewhat dignified Seniors, and even the Underclassmen, themselves, look down upon those who are below them.

It is just human nature for those who have caught hold of the first slippery rung of the ladder of Knowledge, to smile indulgently from their fancied pedestals upon those who through disadvantage or youth have not yet attained the level of their plateau.

Life is a struggle for all, and those who have already endured the first trials could do nothing better than to throw a rope over the cliff to those beneath.

Instead, they smile complacently as they watch the struggle of those below them.

But let them take heed, for they may have only gained the edge of the precipice, and while they relax their vigilance, the face of the cliff may by slipping from beneath them, to hurl them backward, and when they regain their feet, they may behold the very Underclassmen whom they smiled upon so tolerantly, struggling on, above them. Let them remember their hopes and their aims and their attempted emulation of the "Fortunate Seniors."

The mortal span is short, and the Underclassmen of today will be the Seniors of tomorrow.

As they take a sweeping glance across a group of Undergraduates, they know not, but their glance has passed over some who will pass and leave them far behind in the race of Life.

The Underclassmen look forward to the time when they can wear the black robe and the square, flat-topped hat, with as much pleasure as the Seniors did when they were Underclassmen.

We are glad that the Seniors feel their superiority, for they will need that and more in facing the tasks that are before them. Let us keep up the fight, that we may be Seniors some day, and can have the pleasure of looking indulgently down upon other Underclassmen of the future.

—W. P. NICKELL.



Hopes:

CLASS POEM

When yer sad an' mighty lonely,
An' yer want ter cry an' groan,
When yer tears jus' keep aflowin',
An' yer want ter be alone—
Just yer think o' sump'm funny
That yer heard ther other day,
An' yer blues will change their color,
An' yer frown will go away.

Seems so hard ter change yer feelin'
If ther weather's not just right,
If ther tears o' Nature's fallin',
An' no sunshine is in sight;
But ther sunbeams in yer nature
Can o'ercome ther clouds o' gloom,
An' yer cheeks can be like roses,
If ye'll only let 'em bloom.

Life is not as bad as people
Like ter rant on rainy days,
An' ther path yer have ter travel
'Tain't so bad in lots o' ways.
Think o' others round about you
Who have troubles by ther piles,
But they're not abotherin' others
With a thing but just their smiles.

If yer find yer lessons harder
Ever time yer go ter class,
An' yer all ther time afearin'
That yer not again' ter pass,
Don't yer start ter fret an' worry,
Just yer exercise yer will,
An' yer boat will go up current,
An' yer car will go up hill.

Though yer likin' what yer foller,
Still ther secret most of all
That yer want ther most ter practice
Is ther hardest one atall.
'Tain't ther' job on which yer workin'
Or ther thing yer like ther bes',
But ther 'mount o' work yer doin',
Is ther thing that spells success.

—W. P. Nickell.



Vanity Fair



Scroll of Fame

Alice Gill	Prettiest
Dorothy Smith	Most Popular
Pattie Royster	Most Attractive
Mable Stone	Best-all-Around
Pauline Bunn	Cutest
Jane Kiehl	Most Stylish
Pauline Bunn	Most Original
Hazel Tysinger	Most Studious
Gladys Freeman	Most Ambitious
Alice Cobb	Most Talkative
Anne Lou Williams	Most Graceful
Ida Grady	Most Dignified
Ida Grady	Most Intellectual
Clio Wright	Best Natured
Isabell Tadlock	Most Independent
Florence Eckelman	Most Optimistic
Alice Blackstone	Most Pessimistic
Dorothy Smith	Ideal Flapper
Pattie Royster	Most Musical
Dixie Sizemore	Typical School Girl
Elsie Poole	Most Boyish
Elsie Poole	Most Athletic



ALICE GILL
MOST BEAUTIFUL



IDA GRADY
MOST INTELLECTUAL



PATTIE ROYSTER
MOST ATTRACTIVE



MABLE STONE
BEST ALL-AROUND



GLADYS FREEMAN
MOST AMBITIOUS



PAULINE BUNN
CUTEST



Organizations



Old Council

THE government in the College is entrusted to the Student Government Association of which each student becomes a member upon her matriculation in the College.

The Executive Council of this Association is composed of students elected by the vote of the members of the various classes and organizations of the college as their representatives.

The Lady Principal and two teachers elected by the vote of the student body serve as advisory members of the Council. Their findings are subject to review by the President.

Through this Association, the College is enabled to maintain a high standard of honor among its students and to develop character and executive ability, while according greater privileges than would be possible otherwise.



New Council

THE OFFICERS

STELLA WHITAKER	President
FLORENCE PITTMAN	Vice-President
COZY WILKERSON	Hall President
DIXIE SIZEMORE	Hall President
MABLE STONE	Hall President
ESTELLE WILKINS	"Y" President
HAZEL TYSINGER	Secretary
LELIA BLACKWELL	Treasurer
GLADYS FREEMAN	Calliopean Representative
PATTIE ROYSTER	Athletic Representative
IDA GRADY	Senior Representative



Old "Y" Cabinet

OXFORD heartily welcomes students of every faith, and aims to throw around them the best Christian influences. The members of the Young Women's Christian Association and the Young Women's Auxiliary hold prominent places in the school's management, and have charge of all prayer meetings and mission study work in the school.

The membership consists of all the teachers and nearly all the students, who hold their meetings every Sunday afternoon.

The earnest co-operation of the students in the management of Christian work is of mutual benefit, and exerts such influence upon the religious life of the school that the parents are urged during days of separation, to advise their daughters to hold membership therein, in order to develop that truer and higher type of character, without which all intellectual culture is incomplete.



New "Y" Cabinet

THE OFFICERS

ESTELLE WILKINS	President
VIRGINIA WHITE	Vice-President
LUCY DEES	Secretary
LUCY GRANT	Treasurer
VIRGINIA WHITE	{ Program Committee
PAULINE BUNN	
VIRGINIA KEENE	Social Committee
DOROTHY SMITH	Publicity Chairman
DIXIE SIZEMORE	World Fellowship Committee
HAZEL TYSINGER	Music Committee



Choral Club



PATTIE ROYSTER
CLIO WRIGHT
JANE GARNER
GLADYS FREEMAN
DOROTHY SMITH
ROWENA NEWMAN
ETHYL ALBRITTON
ANNABEL TILLEY
ESTELLE WILKINS

DOROTHY JENNINGS
MRS. JENNINGS
HAZEL TYSINGER
RUBY COTHRAN
EVELYN MILLER
JANE KIEHL
IDA BAKER
ALICE COBB
ALLENE CHAPPELLE



Tennis Club



CLIO WRIGHT

FLORENCE ECKELMAN

JANE KIEHL

JANE GARNER

LUCY GRANT

LAURA KEENE

ESPERANCE HOLLIDAY

IDA BAKER

PATTIE ROYSTER

ISABELLE TADLOCK

DOROTHY SMITH

ELSIE POOLE

ROWENA NEWMAN

ELIZABETH DEANS

DIXIE SIZEMORE

ESTELLE WILKINS

ALICE COBB

BETH CANNADY

MABLE STONE



Athletic Council



JANE KIEHL
ELSIE POOLE
ESTELLE WILKINS
DOROTHY SMITH
ROWENA NEWMAN
PATTIE ROYSTER



Athletic Write Up

WHILE we have had an ample supply of basketball material here this session, the interest that ordinarily would go to this sport, went almost entirely to tennis.

At the beginning of the season last Fall, the interest seemed to run pretty high, and we were enabled to get in good practice with the first and second teams.

The weather was unusually favorable to this practice most of the time.

The first team was composed mainly of the students who had played on the high school teams in their respective home towns. After several weeks of strenuous practice, we scheduled a game with Peace Institute on November 24.

The trip was made in cars, and the weather after having been favorable for so long, suddenly became damp and foggy. However, these conditions did not prevent the players from going ahead. The game was a hard fought one, and though it was lost to the opposing team, we were neither downcast nor disheartened. On the return trip, the fog was so dense that the traffic on the highway was forced to proceed slowly because of the danger of collisions.

The car in which our players were riding, on encountering the fog bank, moved carefully, that the driver might be able to detect the approach of another car. So dense was the fog that it was impossible to pierce it beyond a few feet, even with the powerful headlights of the car. While our car was slowly wending its way along the highway, several miles out of Durham, with scarcely any warning there occurred several collisions almost simultaneously. Two large busses, a heavy truck and several touring cars were mixed up in one pile of splintered wood, broken windshields and bent fenders. A small boy was caught under an overturned truck, but he was extricated by the straining muscles of a score of men, who came from the farm-houses nearby. Not any of our girls were injured, although the car in which a part of them were riding was damaged considerably. This happening was the main topic of discussion among the students, for the following two or three weeks. We, at least, had something to talk about, and that is very necessary in a girls' college, whether it participates in athletic or declamatory contests.

The game between our girls and the girls of the Public High School ended in a victory for the College.

Speaking of tennis again, several of the girls, who probably did not know the first lesson in tennis before coming here, are pretty fair amateur players now. The greatest improvement has been shown by Elsie Poole, Laura Keene, Esperance Holliday and Florence Eckelman.

The form of athletics here, that is popular second only to tennis, is walking the circle, *A la Campus*.

With the material which we now have, we should be able to place in the field next term, winning teams in nearly all forms of athletics for girls.



CALLIOPEAN LITERARY SOCIETY



URANIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



The Merry-Makers



PRESIDENT



VICE-PRESIDENT

OFFICERS

Beth Cannady.....President
 Ruby Cothran.....Vice-President
 Ida Grady...Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS OF THE CAROLINA DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION

IDA BAKER
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DELTA PHI DELTA



Delta Phi Delta

Founded Oxford College March, 1925

COLORS White and Gold.

FLOWER: White Carnation

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Calendar For The Term

SEPTEMBER

17. We arrived at Oxford to begin our term's work. Everybody gives one another the "once over" and impressions and friendships are formed.

30. There are conflicts on every hand, but as yet the casualties are slight, for under the generalship of Miss McMicking, the confusion will soon be ended and the struggles on the battle-field of Math, French and Science will soon be won.

OCTOBER

1. All class work is well under way, and all indications point to a good record for the quarter.

5. The Tooley Opera Company gave an excellent interpretation of Gilbert's "The Mikado," in the chapel.

8. Ileen Prevatte, Beth Cannady and W. P. Nickell presented the play, "Suppressed Desires," at the auditorium of the public high school.

30. Mrs. Holliday gave us a lovely Hallowe'en reception, allowing the boys from the town, and the nearby colleges to be invited. Everyone seemed reluctant to leave at eleven o'clock.

NOVEMBER

All Nature is clothed in the gorgeous raiments of Autumn.

1. Dr. W. L. Poteat, President of Wake Forest College and a biologist of note, made an inspiring address on the League of Nations as a safeguard against war. In this address, he reviewed the great events of the World War leading up to the signing of the Armistice.

27. A lovely Thanksgiving banquet was given by Mrs. Holliday. Teachers from the schools of Oxford and several of the Elite of the town were invited. Several toasts and short speeches were given by different ones of the assembly. The entire procedure was a glowing success.

28. Richmond's Little Symphony Orchestra presented an admirable musical program in the chapel.

DECEMBER

1. Everybody is counting the days until Christmas, and planning what they are going to buy for their friends.

6. The DeMoss family, a talented group of musicians, gave a praiseworthy program in the college auditorium.

19. Ding Dong! Toot! Toot! Everybody is leaving for the Christmas holidays.

JANUARY

5. Nearly everyone is back from the Christmas vacation, with a long list of New Year's resolutions that would choke a cow: resolutions that were made with the right reserved to break them when the occasion shall demand.

6. School work is resumed. We are sentenced to look upon the learned physiognomies of our teachers one hour per day for the remainder of the term.

23. The Lombard Entertainers gave an interesting program, which included several violin selections and solos.



Calendar For The Term—*Continued*

The Recitation building caught fire during this month. There was great excitement among the girls. The fire was extinguished after a few minutes of persistent fighting on the part of the firemen. The next two or three days were taken up in a regular moving bee for those who had been residing in the building which caught fire.

FEBRUARY

13. This is Friday, the thirteenth. Everybody keep within their rooms today, so as to avoid walking under ladders and so that no black cat will have a chance to walk across your path. But it is dangerous to even remain in your rooms, for you might happen to break the mirror in your dresser.

The Elizabethan Players evidently had no superstition regarding this day, for they presented Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" in great style.

14. At dinner, a prize was awarded for the best table decorated in a style befitting St. Valentine's Day. Valentines were exchanged between the sitters at each table.

This is the month of many notable days. On the second, the time-honored groundhog comes out of his hibernation and sees or does not see his shadow as he takes a squint around. Lincoln's birthday, Friday the Thirteenth, Washington's birthday, and the twenty-eighth as the last day of the month.

MARCH

This is the meek, but uproarious month. When it first enters the arena of Time, it is like a playful lion cub, but its babyhood is short-lived, it swiftly passes into the ages as a full-grown king of beasts.

APRIL

1. A great number of students took a hike into the country, about four miles away, and spent the day rowing on a lake and sitting around talking. At lunch time we had a weiner roast around a roaring fire of pine boughs.

3. The popular play, "The Charm School" was presented admirably by the members of the Junior Class. Its success was due largely to the efforts and guidance of our expression teacher, Mrs. Elise Graham.

MAY

In this month comes the final examinations; followed by deep sighs of relief or anxiety, then many farewells, and Toot! Toot! get up, old Kit Seaboard! Goodbye Oxford until next term!

Would that I could carve a brooklet
From a rough uncarven stone,
Reproduce its shining ripples,
And the music of its moan,
That I might be free to gaze on't
Unmolested and alone.

—W. P. NICKELL.



Who and What

QUESTION	1st Choice	2nd Choice
Who is your favorite American author?	Poe	Louisa Alcott
Who is your favorite English author?	Shakespeare	Tennyson
What do you intend to do in life?	Get Married	Teach
What is your favorite subject?	Love	Math
What is the best advertised town?	Oxford	Atlanta
What is the best represented town?	Oxford	Coleraine
What is your favorite sport?	Swimming	Tennis
What is your favorite means or recreation?	Dancing	Sewing
What is your favorite rendezvous?	Drug Store	Campus
What is your favorite dish?	Chicken	Beans
What is your favorite soft drink?	Dope	Grape Juice
What is your favorite color?	Red	Blue
Do you have a beau in town?	No—12	Yes—11
Do you have a beau in your home town?	Yes—18	No—4
Do you go to school because you want to?	Yes—17	No—5
Do you use rouge?	Yes—15	No—7
What is the college's most popular saying?	By Heck!	Let's check
What is your favorite topic of conversation?	Love	Men
What is your favorite song?	Let me call you sweetheart	Oh, Love!
Do you prefer jazz to classical music?	Yes—13	No.—9
What is your favorite flower?	Roses	Two-lips
What is your favorite day of the week?	Monday	Sunday

GLIMPSES





Campus Night Sounds

WHEN the sun has passed swiftly on its journey into the west and the voices of the day are stilled and calm, the curtain of night is raised, and the shadowy actors of the darkness appear in the arena, and begin to unfold their repertoire to an audience that is to fall asleep before the climax is reached in the acting.

In the winter, the whining and howling voice of the North Wind as it whisks around the corners of the buildings, is suggestive of the hungry howls of a wolf pack, while the falling sleet rattles continuously against the window panes and on the tin roofs. Here and there a stray dog howls mournfully to show his dislike for the weather. Now a shutter clatters loudly, then a door bangs shut under the force of the wind. All else is still and quiet; no croak of frog or chirp of cricket breaks upon the icy air.

With the advent of Spring, the sounds are increased a thousand-fold. The countless members of the insect orchestra, each plays its part in the great all-night concert, from the safe recess of his invisible hiding-place. The tiger-beetle is orchestra leader. You can detect him by the deep bass of his whirring wings. The firefly, though mute, as far as mortal ears can discern, passes by to intermittently light the gloom for the tiny players below him.

The frogs have an orchestra all their own, but they do not hesitate to play the accompaniment to the droning of the insects. Across the fields comes the deep croak of the bullfrog followed by a chorus of lesser voices. Mr. Bullfrog and his family have voices of all types and keys imaginable. Mr. Bullfrog himself leads the band with a guttural br-r-rump, like the roll of a bass drum, the others follow with a cro-ak, cro-ak, a gr-rup, gr-rup, a gwink, gwink and a squeaky, gwe-ank, gwe-ank.

In the Summer the night-hawk cavorting across the late evening sky, darting and diving with a sound like that of a charging bull, plays his part in that one vast harmony, high above the earth, and the whippoorwill from the lower branches of the trees sends out his soothing resonance in a smoothly rolling, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, then in a moment a note of sadness comes into his voice as he calls out, Will's a widow, Will's a widow.

The little green katydid, from the under side of a leaf calls, "katy-did, katy-did," and his mate answers in contradiction, "katy-didn't, katy-didn't," then we hear a whirr of wings, and we fancy that there occurs a battle between the husband and the wife.

On those bright, moonlight nights, when all Nature seems to be in a gleeful mood, we hear the day-bird's chorus being continued into the late hours of the night, but this multitude of voices issues from one little, gray throat. The mocking bird perpetuates the voices of the day until the Dawn returns, and the orchestra of the Day takes up its turn again.

—W. P. Nickell.



— Humor —



We Wonder

We wonder what makes Aunt Liss so popular with all the girls?

We wonder what makes Mary Sykes so little and delicate?

And also, while we are wondering, we wander from the beaten paths when we wonder why spinsters, bachelors, fat people and bald headed people receive the brunt of the world's satire? Who wonders? Oh, don't get too personal, it is only some of the members of the faculty inserting a quizz in the question box.

We wonder if a studying bee, a huskin' bee and a pettin' bee stings like the honey and the bumble bees?

Elsie Poole wonders who had the audacity to write such a contemptible poem as, "Thanatopsis."

Frank wonders who takes the pains to give the campus a daily trimming of waste paper and drug store cups, and goes further to state that the gentle decorators have fine eyes for designing and color effects, for he says that a green dress, trimmed here and there with white should make the campus very proud and very vain.

While ago we were wondering what caused Mary Sykes to be so little and delicate, and now Mary, herself, is wondering if people who starve to death go to Heaven.

Big, husky Alice Cobb wonders what a field of tobacco looks like when it is cigar-ing.

Professor Dickenson says that he has wondered many times what Trigonometry was. He said, that at a good guess, he would say that it was something pertaining to the trigger of some kind of gun.

Miss Apel wonders how anyone could be so ignorant as to pronounce the proper name, "Goethe," "goiter."

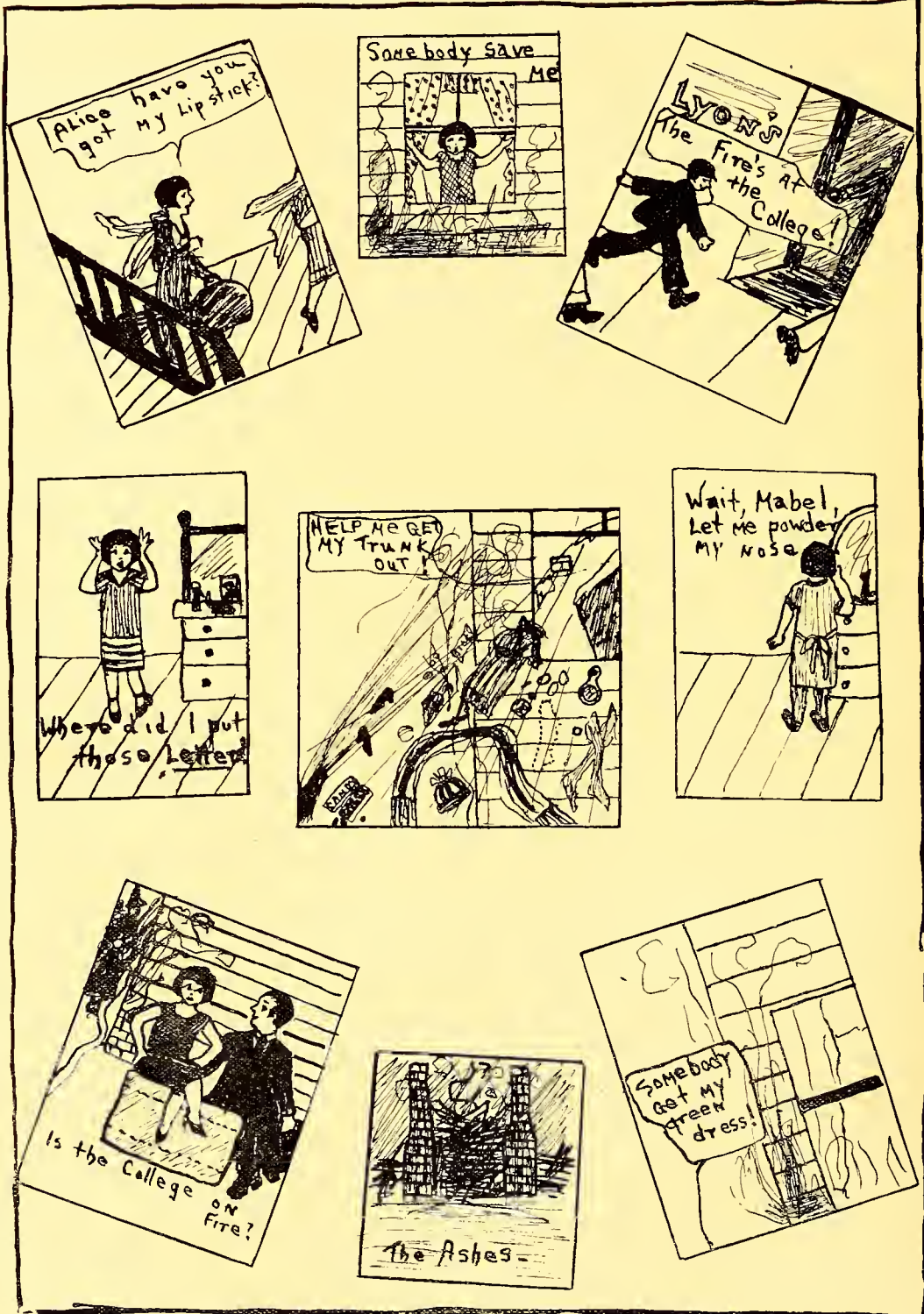
Professor Muilberger wonders if "White Mule" kicks because it has shoes on.

Mrs. Jones wonders if a cowbell is the prettiest cow in the pasture.

Miss McMicking says she wonders what sort of sensations are the result of being shot with one Cupid's darts. She says that he shot at her once when she was a girl, but that she leaped aside just in time to see the arrow bury itself in the heart of a seasoned oak.

Now we are wondering why we wonder so much.

SCENES DURING THE FIRE





During The Fire

THE WINTER sun had almost passed from sight behind the tops of pines, which were moaning as if in distress. The dark, billowy clouds that hung just above the blood-red sunset seemed portentous of something evil. A sense of something fearful seemed to pervade the atmosphere. That same calm stillness that always precedes a storm now hovered over. Not a dead leaf or twig fluttered or swayed.

Ah! what a feeling of suspense there was. Why didn't something happen to lessen the dreadful tension?

Fr-ank! Fr-ank! Fr-ank! came shrilly like the shriek of a midnight siren, a wild-eyed figure rushed from the basement, shrieking "call the fire department, queek!"

Great clouds of black smoke were rolling from the basement windows, and were writhing and wriggling like a cage of serpents as they crawled up the sides of the building. Flames were crackling and licking at the timbers above them, as if in gleeful anticipation of a plentiful repast. Piercing screams began to be heard in every direction, and heads began to pop out at the windows.

Out in the front, a group of frightened girls stood, wringing their hands and wailing that their letters from their best beaux were going to be burned.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Glang! Lang! Lang! At last, the firemen were here. "Turn her on," yelled the chief. After about five minutes a small stream began to ooze out the end of the hose. "Now she's coming," the firemen shouted. Then they connected another, and an eager group gathered around the end of the hose while one of the firemen held his ear to it to see if he could detect any signs of water.

In the meantime, the young Romeos of the neighborhood were taking great pleasure in displaying their heroism in rescuing some treasured articles belonging to the girls. The would be heroes were as thick as buzzards on the carcass of a dead animal. Such a shame for such bravery to go to waste!

While compacts, powder puffs, shoes and tooth brushes were being carried to the waiting arms of the feminines, one lady, Mrs. Jennings by name, evidently in very great distress, begged one of the firemen to please go up and rescue her "Darling Scissors" from the lapping jaws of the flames.

Gladys Freeman rushed down the stairs in a state of sack-cloth and ashes, pouring toilet water and perfume from a dozen bottles, which had been deprived of their stoppers. One of the firemen was heard to remark that he had never been to a fire before, when they sprinkled perfume and toilet water in the halls to make the fire-fighting more pleasant.

One of the boys from town, John Fuller by name, threw a girl's trunk from the one of the windows, bursting it as it struck the ground, then catching up a dirty handkerchief that he found on the floor, he rushed down the stairs with the little piece of cloth clasped tightly to his bosom.



During the Fire—*Continued*

One of the teachers, Miss Apel was seen rushing down the back steps, carrying a pitch-fork and a screwdriver, followed by one of the firemen, who tenderly hugged a sack of scaly-bark hickory nuts to his breast.

Frank, the colored man who tends the furnaces, was heard bewailing the fact that his choice pile of kindling was lost.

Aunt Mary, the cook, became so excited that she mistook a skillet of hot grease for a bucket of water and rushing out of the kitchen, she poured the contents of the skillet down the back of an unsuspecting standerby.

Several of the girls saw a chance to get carried out in the strong arms of the mascaulines who revelled in just such tasks, Mary Sykes fainted a faint and it was necessary for six of the huskiest youngsters in the group to get hold of her before she could be hoisted from the floor, and even at that, it was far from an easy task.

One of the firemen suggested that such bulky objects as she, should always be encased in asbestos or surrounded with fireproof brick.

Possibly the most pathetic occurance during this terrible catastrophe, was the unequalled heroism of Mrs. Jones in saving in a nick of time, even at the risk of her life, the bent and aged, I should say the most venerable "Safety Pin," that had followed and served her so well in all her travels. She was loudly applauded for her bravery when she emerged from the smoke-blackened door.

Let us not neglect to mention the brave acts of Miss Hanes and Miss McMicking. Miss Hanes made several trips into the burning building, carrying out gallon jugs of castor oil, while Miss McMicking saved her much used kodak and several snap-shots of herself.

Professor Muilberger saved three bottles of hair-tonic, the kind that he finds so satisfactory in growing his thick, black coat of hair.

Miss Apel also saved her false teeth.

It seems that nearly every one to a greater or lesser extent deserves credit for what they did during the excitement.

But hold! lest we forget, Miss Ramsey sat at her desk typewriting in the business room until the paper burned off her typewriter!

And lastly, a fireman of somewhat bulky avoirdupois came stalking down the hall of the damaged building in the dark, and involuntarily took a graceful swan-dive into the water-filled basement below, whereupon he added several new words to the profane vocabulary in lieu of others needed to express his very tender sentiments.

We all hope that nothing that will in any way upset our equilibrium will occur again soon.



Wanted

A wild-west bronco, with full Texas saddle and riding boots. He must have plain "hoss sense," and must be able to decline French nouns as well as speak correct English. He must be quick on the draw and a crack shot.—Miss Antonia Apel.

Twenty pounds of choice lobsters, two live skunks and five pounds of Limberger cheese for use in laboratory work.—Professor Dickenson.

Two first class husbands with their hair parted in true cake-eater style, and wearing polk-a-dot jazz bows. They must be handsome, rich and young. Also they must be of a nature to respect rather elderly ladies.—Miss Hanes and Miss McMicking.

An up-to-date listening-in apparatus and dictaphone combined; one large-sized cow-bell, to be used in calling the girls to attention, and a phonograph with an extra loud speaker attached, to use in issuing orders in a gruff voice.—Write or phone Mrs. Jones.

One hundred and sixty pounds of T. Royster with a ton of love thrown in for good measure.—Alice Cobb.

A cow by Aunt Mary with knobs on her horns.

The latest issue of the popular song, "Charley, My Boy."—Stella Whitaker.

A math machine, something on the order of an adding machine. This machine must be able to work logarithms and permutations, the trigonometrical formulæ, and anything in the line of higher mathematics. A liberal price will be paid, if the machine proves satisfactory.—Nick.

A bull-dog, named Tiger, pug-nosed and pugnacious.—Florence Eckelman.

The biography of Marcus Aurelius, the modern edition.—Lillian Walters.

An automatic device for registering the number of miles one travels while walking the circle ten times per day for nine months.—Elsie Poole.

A large poster for marking doors plainly so that one might not knock on his own door by mistake.—Professor Muilberger.



For Sale

Two tons of chewing gum, gathered from beneath the seats in the chapel, from chairs, table, benches and various other places where gobs are ordinarily found. It is only slightly damaged from being chewed, but any manufacturer of car tires, rubber boots, overshoes, etc., should jump at this great bargain.—Phone the Babe Miller and Inez Ramsey Co.

A large bundle of choice advice to the highest bidder: frequently used over a period of almost three-quarters of a century but is still as good as new.—Write Mrs. C. G. Jones.

A slightly used corsage and an empty chocolate box.—Call Elsie Poole.

For Sale: A choice assortment of rolling pins. We especially invite the trade of the college girls, who expect to take the matrimonial venture before another year. These rolling pins are guaranteed to be absolutely unbreakable, even under the most grilling treatment. They are especially designed for use on wayward husband's heads.—Society of Cruelty to Husbands.

Seeing the advertisement of rolling pins in the ad column, I have a proposition to offer the husbands of the women, who buy the cruel rolling pins sold by the Society of Cruelty to Husbands. I have in the process of manufacture a soft, rubber rolling pin that is similar in appearance to the ones aforementioned. Just buy a supply of these, you poor, mistreated husbands!, and substitute them on the sly. You will save yourself many a hospital bill.—The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Lost! Sometime during the fire, a picture of "him." Please return to Laura Keene, and receive reward.

For Sale: Tickets to a vocal recital which is to take place in the chapel in the near future. In order that you may not be mistaken in what you are to see, we are inserting a complete program:

Vocal Solo—"Jackie Boy"	By Dot Smith
Vocal Solo—"A Kiss in the Dark"	By Isabel Tadlock
Vocal Duet—"Heaven, answer my prayer"	Mary S. and Alice C.
Vocal Solo—"Oh, Daddy, call me on the telephone"	Ruby C.
Vocal Solo—"Try and stop us"	By Eight Girls
Vocal Solo—"Stella, dear Stella"	By Elsie Poole
Vocal Solo—"You can't fool a fool"	By Rowena Newman
Vocal Solo—"Sweet Al-i-lene"	By Nick
Vocal Solo—"Syrup Sauce"	By Flo Eckelman
Vocal Solo—"The um, hum Blues"	By Miss Apel
Vocal Solo—"The Make-up-kit"	By Beth Cannady.



Oh, That Math

LOGARITHMS

I can get the poetical rhythm
In composing poetical rhymes,
But the log in logarithm
Makes me lose my rhythm sometimes.

I can see the log in logging,
I can saw the saw-log too,
But the log in logarithm
Is a log I can't saw through.

There's a log they call the co-log,
And I've sawed down many a tree,
But in all my logs and logging
I could never a co-log see.

I have seen a saw a-sawing
In the middle of a tree,
And have sawed a saw while seeing
Other things around to see.

I have sawed in oak and hick'ry
Where the saw-friars saw your skin,
And the saw-tooth spanish needles
Saw across your tender shin.

I have seen a see-saw sawing,
And I saw a sawmill saw,
But the see-saw that I saw saw
Was across a saw-log saw.

When I saw a sawmill sawing
On the bank of pond and stream,
I beheld the sawdust sailing
Through the head of flying steam.

I have worked a sawmill worker
At the logs saw to saw,
And I've seen a lawyer lawing
At his angry mother-in-law.

I can log the logs in logging,
I can saw the sawyer's saw,
I can law the lawyer's lawing
When I've told the things I saw.

I have seen the the sights while seeing
Other things I saw to see,
But the log in logarithm
Is a logless log to me.

—Nick.



The Joker Speaks

Jane K.—"I'm engaged, don't tell."
Bill—"Marvelous, who shall I tell first?"

* * * * *

The only reason we do not get waffles for breakfast is because they look so much like fried cross-word puzzles. Miss McMicking is afraid that we won't get to class on time.

* * * * *

Pauline—"Pitt, let's go to the show."
Pitt—"Fine, what's on?"
Pauline—"Love Eternal'.
Pitt—"But we can't go, we have only an hour."
Pauline—"Well, it won't last much longer than that."

* * * * *

Jane gets two cups of coffee at every meal, so after noticing this for sometime, Laura, who sits next to her said, "Jane, you surely must like coffee." "I do," answered Jane, "that's why I drink so much hot water to get a little."

* * * * *

Mrs. Jones, on the Bible class—"Rowena, what is the golden text?"
Rowena—"The Lord is my shepherd, I should worry."

* * * * *

I've kissed when I thought I loved,
I've kissed to win a bet,
But the kiss I've always wanted,
Is the kiss I didn't get.

* * * * *

Lib.—"I 'rit' my Willie B."
Dot—"Did you have any 'Lux'?"

BEST FORM AT DANCES

"Fair one, will you thrill my epidermis, by allowing me to embrace your tender form for the next wiggle."

* * * * *

Isabel—"You can't understand women that way—really—you should live in a girl's dorm."
C. P.—"That's been my lifelong ambition."

HEARD DURING THE FIRE

Poole—"Why, I was so scared that I fell through the window."
Flo—"Get hurt?"
Poole—"Yes, got a pane in my side."

* * * * *

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—
"I'm campussed again."

* * * * *

Ida—"How did you catch a cold?"
Ethel—"Some one played the 'Star Spangled Banner,' when I was taking a bath."



The Joker Speaks—*Continued*

Beth—"She swears that she has never been kissed."

Dot—"Well, isn't that enough to make her swear?"

* * * * *

The best Board of Education in the world, is the shingle.

* * * * *

College professors live longer than blacksmiths—

But college professors are seldom called upon to shoe mules.

* * * * *

It doesn't take four years in college to find out that one girl in the dark is worth two in the light.

* * * * *

Mrs. Jones—"Elsie, I wouldn't ride that bicycle around the circle."

Poole—"Wouldn't? Heck, you couldn't."

* * * * *

Old Lady (to man who had just had both legs amputated)—"How are you today, my good man?"

"Oh, I guess I can't kick," he answered.

* * * * *

HOW DO YOU DO IT.

From Zarathuratra: When thee go calling on woman, Take thy whip with thee.

From magazine advertisement: "Take her a box of candy."

From Experience: Compromise, Take her the box of candy.

* * * * *

"What's the difference between a modern and an old fashioned kiss?"

"About five minutes."

* * * * *

Chink—"That rouge certainly looks natural, I thought for a long time that it was your skin."

Ruby Cothran—"Well, it's the next thing to it."

* * * * *

Bragg—"Think."

Rowena—"What?"

Bragg—"What a wonderful necking party a couple giraffes would have."

* * * * *

The trouble with most college students is, that they study—but they don't use text books. Experience is a great school.

* * * * *

Night Watchman—"Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?"

He—(Straightening up)—"No, sir."

Night Watchman—"Here then, hold my lantern."



Roll For 1925

Albritton, Ethel	Calypso, North Carolina
Bailey, Carry M.	Oxford, North Carolina
Baker, Ida	New York, New York
Blackstone, Eliza	Lewiston, North Carolina
Blackstone, Alice	Lewiston, North Carolina
Blackwell, Lelia	Oxford, North Carolina
Bostic, Lula	Kinston, North Carolina
Bragg, Aleene	Stem, North Carolina
Bragg, Elizabeth	Oxford, North Carolina
Brown, Frances	Oxford, North Carolina
Bunn, Pauline	Zebulon, North Carolina
Bullock, Rebecca	Oxford, North Carolina
Bryant, Edna	Oxford, North Carolina
Cannady, Beth	Oxford, North Carolina
Chappelle, Allene	Clarksville, Virginia
Clark, Louise	Oxford, North Carolina
Clark, Jerry	Oxford, North Carolina
Cobb, Alice	Washington, D. C.
Cohn, Muriam	Oxford, North Carolina
Cothran, Ruby	Toney Creek, South Carolina
Cozart, Fanny	Oxford, North Carolina
Crecy, Mary	Oxford, North Carolina
Crews, Allene	Oxford, North Carolina
Currin, Eugenia	Oxford, North Carolina
Daniel, Antoinette	Oxford, North Carolina
Daniel, Betty Scott	Oxford, North Carolina
Dean, Clarice	Oxford, North Carolina
Deans, Elizabeth	Coleraine, North Carolina
Dees, Lucy	Kershaw, South Carolina
Dickerson, Rosa	Oxford, North Carolina
Duke, Mariana	Oxford, North Carolina
Dunford, Mrs. Sula	Oxford, North Carolina
Eckelman, Florence	Jersey City, New Jersey
Elmore, Aro	Oxford, North Carolina
Farrar, Lillian	Oxford, North Carolina
Fleming, Margaret	Greenville, North Carolina
Freeman, Gladys	Bolivar, North Carolina
Gambrell, Maxie	Belton, South Carolina
Garner Jane	Milford, Connecticut
Gill, Alice	Wake Forest, North Carolina
Gordon, Ruth	Oxford, North Carolina
Grady, Ida	Asheville, North Carolina
Grayham, Enid	Jacksonville, Florida
Grant, Lucy	Sneeds Ferry, North Carolina
Hall, Alice	Oxford, North Carolina
Hall, Elizabeth	Oxford, North Carolina
Hall, Mary	Oxford, North Carolina



Roll For 1925—Continued

Hall, Sarah	Oxford, North Carolina
Hanes, Ruby	States Road, North Carolina
Hart, Mary	Oxford, North Carolina
Herndon, Frances	Macon, Georgia
Hines, Sarah	Oxford, North Carolina
Holliday, Esperence	Oxford, North Carolina
Howard, Laureta	Oxford, North Carolina
Howard, Virginia	Oxford, North Carolina
Hunt, Alice	Oxford, North Carolina
Hunt, Cary Parker	Oxford, North Carolina
Jackson, Frances	Oxford, North Carolina
Jamison, Kathrine	Oxford, North Carolina
Jeffreys, Louise	Oxford, North Carolina
Jennings, Dorothy	Carthage, North Carolina
Jennings, Mrs. W. G.	Carthage, North Carolina
Keene, Laura	Oxford, North Carolina
Keene, Virginia	Oxford, North Carolina
Kiehl, Jane	San Antonio, Texas
Lewis, Patty	Oxford, North Carolina
Maddra, Mary	Oxford, North Carolina
Matthews, Nina	Chalyheate, North Carolina
Miller, Evelyn	Durham, North Carolina
Newman, Rowena	Winston-Salem, North Carolina
Nelson, Mrs. Cathrine G.	Oxford, North Carolina
Nelson, Mrs. Foy G.	Oxford, North Carolina
Nickell, W. P.	Grand Rivers, Kentucky
Owen, Mary	Oxford, North Carolina
Parham, Mrs. Allene	Oxford, North Carolina
Parham, Ernestine	Oxford, North Carolina
Parham, Rosa	Oxford, North Carolina
Pitchford, Ola	Oxford, North Carolina
Pittman, Florence	Fairmont, North Carolina
Poole, Elsie	Atlanta, Georgia
Prevatte, Ileen	Lumberton, North Carolina
Pruit, Elsie	Oxford, North Carolina
Pruit, Emmy	Oxford, North Carolina
Pruit, Irma	Oxford, North Carolina
Pruit, Mary	Oxford, North Carolina
Ramsey, Inez	Starksville, Mississippi
Royster, Pattie	Bullock, North Carolina
Scott, Rosa	Kemper, South Carolina
Sizemore, Dixie	Virgilina, Virginia
Smith, Dorothy	Augusta, Georgia
Smith, Louise	Oxford, North Carolina
Stone, Mabel	Apex, North Carolina
Swann, Viola	Richmond, Virginia
Sykes, Mary	Harrisville, North Carolina



Roll For 1925—Continued

Tadlock, Isabel	Woodard, North Carolina
Tilley, Annabel	Hillsboro, North Carolina
Townsend, Rosalie	St. Pauls, North Carolina
Tysinger, Hazel	Denton, North Carolina
Walters, Lillian	Oxford, North Carolina
Watkins, Eunice	Oxford, North Carolina
Watkins, Ruby	Oxford, North Carolina
Webb, Edith	Oxford, North Carolina
Wheeler, Lily Belle	Oxford, North Carolina
Whitaker, Stella	Ellenbourg, North Carolina
White, Virginia	Wallace, North Carolina
Wilkerson, Cozy	Oxford, North Carolina
Wilkins, Estelle	Bahama, North Carolina
Williams, Anne Lou	Oxford, North Carolina
Wilson, Christine	Coleraine, North Carolina
Wright, Clio	Raleigh, North Carolina
Young, Martha	Oxford, North Carolina

Oxford Female College

OXFORD
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Moore Lumber Co.

—Building Materials—

We Furnish Everything For A Building

“Moore Lumber For Your Money”

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Oxford, N. C.

Phone 13



THE PARIHAM CO.

HENDERSON, N. C.

Capital Stock - - - - - \$175,000.00

We have ample capital to serve our patrons to the best advantage.
We sell anything used on the farm—cash or credit, and pay the highest price
for farm products.

Dumb—"Pola Negri is Russian, isn't she?"
Bell—"I guess so, all those movie stars are pretty fast."

* * * * *

Sign on the back of a Ford:
"E Pluribus Unum."
(One among many.)

* * * * *

Mrs. Jones, (on Bible)—"Rowena, what was the Ark of the Covenant?"
Rowena—"It was Noah's Ark, and had David's bones in it."

We're neighbors
Here at the
"Citizens Bank"

There is a true community spirit among the depositors of the Citizens
Bank and Trust Company.

We think of them as friends and neighbors—and treat them so.

This is a big, strong growing bank, but it is not too big to be friendly—
and it never will be.

If you are not already with us, we hope you will let us serve you, too.

CITIZENS BANK & TRUST COMPANY

HENDERSON, N. C.

Capital and Surplus, \$600,000.00



LANDIS & EASTON

Headquarters for everything the
YOUNG LADIES
WEAR

GILMER'S

Raleigh's Greatest Store

GREATER IN SIZE GREATER IN SERVICE

Mail Orders Given
PROMPT ATTENTION

JACK CAPEHART

Dry Cleaning, Pressing and Tailoring

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WE ALL GO TO HALL'S DRUG STORE

For the best Stationery and School Supplies, Fruits and Confectioneries, Soda Fountain Service "Superb."

THE LADIES' RESORT

Your Doctor's prescriptions filled "as directed" by Competent Registered Pharmacist at

HALL'S DRUG STORE

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"The Leading Store"

Dry good of all kinds, Ladies'
Ready - to - Wear, Selby's Shoes,
Hosing, Underwear.

COME AND
SEE US
WHEN YOU
ARE IN
OXFORD, N. C.



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BLALOCK
MOTOR COMPANY**

"The Leading Garage"
Well Equipped;

Labor \$125

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The cleanest, quickest and most
reasonable priced place in Oxford.

EVERYTHING WE SERVE IS OF
THE BEST

\$6.00 Meal Tickets \$5.00

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CLOTHING

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—Wholesale—

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"Get It At Ray's"

—SHOES OF QUALITY—
LUGGAGE YOU'RE PROUD OF

HELLER'S

RALEIGH, N. C.

**THE SNIDER-FLETCHER
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"Gifts That Last"

DURHAM, N. C.

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—AND—
—POLITE SERVICE—
—TRY—

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Authorized Sales and Service

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One of the 34 Belk Stores
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Jewelers & Optometrists
Diamonds, Watches, Silverware and Novelties
Class Rings and Pins
Engraved Visiting Cards
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JUST REMEMBER
When you think of the many pleasant times you had at Oxford
College, you naturally think of

THE HAT SHOP
TOO
Specialists on Hats, Coats, Dresses and Novelties
MRS. O. T. BRYANT Main Street



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For Drinks and Toilet Articles

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When in Henderson, Visit the
PARAGON DRUG STORE

"The Place to Meet Your Friends"

277 S. Garnet

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ROGER'S SANDWICHES

For Special Occasions

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HENDERSON, N. C.

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We serve three meals each day.

SPECIAL

SUNDAY DINNERS

When You Need Furniture, See Us.

We Furnish the Home Complete.

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TURE COMPANY

HENDERSON, N. C.

Her graduation—the milestone that
simply must be marked with a PIC-
TURE.

Make the appointment TODAY.

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COMPANY**

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Corner of Main and Church Sts.
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Everything For Women
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Founded 50 years ago by the late
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"Fair Dealing Methods"
We ask your continued patronage.

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COMPANY
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The Opera Drug Store

Please us by allowing us to please
you
HENDERSON, N. C.



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To Get Your Men's Up-to-Date Clothing.

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**CHAPMAN-HUNT Co.,
Inc.**

Everything in Building Material
Phone 159 30 College St.
OXFORD, N. C.

Alice B.—“You're a coward, you
are even afraid of your own shadow.”

Mary S.—“Well, why shouldn't I
be? It looks like a crowd following
me.”

DON'T SEARCH
FOR BETTER VALUES
IN JEWELRY AND NOVELTIES
OF ALL KINDS
THEY ARE
FOUND AT

THE OXFORD JEWELRY CO.

OXFORD, - - - - - NORTH CAROLINA



WHEN STOPPING
OVER IN OXFORD
COME TO
THE JOHN PENN HOTEL

The latch string is always on the
outside
COME TO
PERKINSON-GREEN'S
For your dry good of all kinds.

Elizabeth D.—“Where does John go every morning so early?”
Bunn.—“Down to the Postoffice to fill his fountain pen.”

* * * * *

Heaven keep you, dear,
Safe from all harm,
Heaven keep you, dear,
With your grace and charm.

Heaven keep you, dear,
Is all I can chant,
Heaven keep you, dear,
Lord knows, I can't.

* * * * *

“That was some lickie I had last night!!”

“Yes.”

“Yes, I gave the midget at the circus one drink, and after whipping the strong-man, he beat three lions to death, then blew the tent over.”

The neighbors left for sylvan dells,
Their phone-bell rings,
Their tomcat yells.

They summer cool beside the spring;
Their tom-phone peals,
Their cat-bell rings.

They wander 'round in leafy dales,
Their phone-cat howls,
Their tom-bell wails.

They scamper 'bout 'mid forest walls,
Their cat-phone screams,
Their bell-cat squalls.

They Homeward turn their homesick way:
Their horses squeal:
Their jasacks bray.



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OXFORD, - - - - - NORTH CAROLINA

"Inez seems to get a great deal of pleasure out of the geometry class."
"Yes, out of it."

* * * * *

Heard on the train between Henderson and Oxford,—“Conductor, can’t you go any faster than this?”

“Yes, mam, but I have to stay with the train.”

* * * * *

Eliza B.—“Mr. Holliday, could you tell me, in round numbers, what I made on the science test?”

Mr. Holliday—“Yes, zero.”

TO WHOM ARE YOU INDEBTED

for many of the things that have made living in your community worth while?:

WHOM WILL YOU THANK

for making your streets as safe at night as during the day?
for the abundance of clean, safe, cheap illumination that crams evenings at home full of pleasure and contentment?
for electrical housekeeping—the conveniences, liberties, and economies of which are available to every home in this community.
for the electrical treatment of disease available to everyone here, today?

for the perfect and safe illumination of your theaters and other places of amusement?

Whom will you thank for these and many other conveniences, comforts and economies you enjoy?

In fact, whom will you thank for making this community a desirable place of residence.

THANK THOSE WHO PUT THEIR DOLLARS IN YOUR ELECTRIC COMPANY

For it is they who have made a reality, the vision of the men who conceived and founded Your Electric Company, the very heart of your community.

CAROLINA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY,

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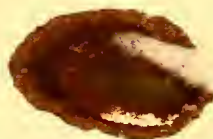
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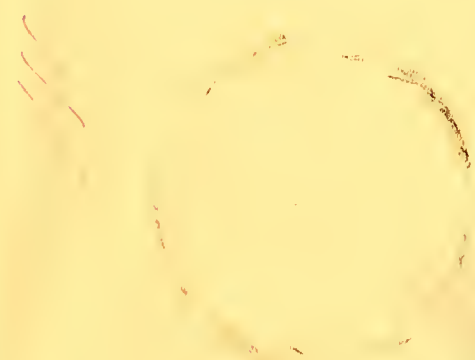
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